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and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING THE

PASTORALS,

AND THE

GEORGICS.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

PREFACE

TO THE

PASTORALS,

With a ſhort DEFENCE of

VIRGIL,

Againſt ſome of the Reflections of Monſieur Fontenelle.

AS the writings of greateſt antiquity are in verſe, ſo, of all ſorts of poetry, paſtorals ſeem the moſt ancient; being formed upon the model of the firſt innocence, and ſimplicity, which the moderns, better to diſpenſe themſelves from imitating, have wiſely thought fit to treat as fabulous, and impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unſophiſticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the moſt valuable bleſſings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a conſtant ſerenity and freedom of mind; whilſt we, with all our fanciful refinements, can ſcarcely paſs an autumn without ſome acceſs of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by ſome unquiet paſſion. He was not then looked upon as a very old man, who reached to a greater number of years, than in theſe times an ancient family can reaſonably pretend to; and we know the names of ſeveral who ſaw, and practiſed the world for a longer ſpace of time, than we can

read the account of in any one entire body of hiſtory. In ſhort, they invented the moſt uſeful arts, Paſturage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Muſic, Aſtronomy, &c. Whilſt the moderns, like extravagant heirs, made rich by their induſtry, ingratefully deride the good old gentlemen who had left them the eſtate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that paſtorals are fallen into diſeſteem, together with that faſhion of life upon which they were grounded. And methinks I ſee the reader already uneaſy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and poſting to the Æneis; ſo delightful an entertainment is the very relation of public miſchief and ſlaughter now become to mankind: And yet Virgil paſſed a much different judgement on his own works: He valued moſt this part, and his Georgics, and depended upon them for his reputation with poſterity: But cenſures himſelf in one of his letters to Auguſtus, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reaſon that the rules of paſtoral are ſo little known or ſtudied. Ariſtotle, Horace, and the Eſſay of Poetry, take no notice of it. And Mr Boileau, one of the moſt accurate of the moderns, becauſe he never loſes the ancients out of his ſight, beſtows ſcarce half a page on it.

It is the deſign therefore of the few following pages, to clear this ſort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from ſome unjuſt imputations; to look into ſome of the rules of this ſort of poetry, and inquire what ſort of verſification is moſt proper for it; in which point we are ſo much inferior to the ancients, that this conſideration alone were enough to make ſome writers think as they ought, that is, meanly, of their own performances.

As all ſorts of poetry conſiſt in imitation, paſtoral is the imitation of a ſhepherd conſidered under that character: It is requiſite therefore to be a little informed of the condition and qualification of theſe ſhepherds.

One of the ancients has obſerved truly, but ſatirically enough, that mankind is the meaſure of every thing; and thus, by a gradual improvement of this miſtake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and ſtandard of others, and ourſelves at laſt the meaſure of them all. We figure the ancient country-men like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education: But men had quite different notions of theſe things for the firſt four thouſand years of the world; health and ſtrength were then in more eſteem than the refinements of pleaſure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of ſheep, than to diſſolve in wantonneſs and effeminating ſloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the moſt important buſineſs in the life of a gentleman; anciently it was quite otherwiſe. Mr Fleury has ſeverely remarked, that this extravagant paſſion for hunting is a ſtrong proof of our Gothic extraction, and ſhews an affinity of humour with the ſavage Americans. The barbarous Franks and other Germans, (having neither corn nor wine of their own growth,) when they paſſed the Rhine, and poſſeſſed themſelves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diverſion, as they had done before for their neceſſary ſubſiſtance. The Engliſh gave this uſage the ſacred ſtamp of faſhion, and

from hence it is that moſt of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this ſubject, ſince an ill accident, occaſioned by hunting, has kept England in pain, theſe ſeveral months together, for one of the * beſt and greateſt peers which ſhe has bred for ſome ages; no leſs illuſtrious for civil virtues and learning, than his anceſtors were for all their victories in France.

But there are ſome prints ſtill left of the ancient eſteem for huſbandry, and their plain faſhion of life, in many of our ſir-names, and in the eſcutcheons of the moſt ancient families, even thoſe of the greateſt kings, the Roſes, the Lillies, the Thiſtle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal cauſes of the depoſing of Mahomet the IV. was, that he would not allot part of the day to ſome manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet, and ancient practiſe of his predeceſſors. He that reflects on this will be the leſs ſurprized to find that Charlemaign, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be inſtructed in ſome profeſſion. And eight hundred years yet higher, that Auguſtus wore no cloaths but ſuch as were made by the hands of the empreſs and her daughters; and Olympias did the ſame for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, ſent for their Dictator from the plow, whoſe whole eſtate was but of four acres; too little a ſpot now for the orchard or kitchen-garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the moſt renowned monarchies in the world were ſhepherds: And the ſubject of

* The Duke of Shrewſbury.

huſbandry has been adorned by the writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not therefore to be matter of ſurprize to a modern writer, that kings, the ſhepherds of the people in Homer, laid down their firſt rudiments in tending their mute ſubjects; nor that the wealth of Ulyſſes conſiſted in flocks and herds, the intendants over which were then in equal eſteem with officers of ſtate in later times. And therefore Eumaeus is called διος ὑφορβος in Homer: not ſo much becauſe Homer was a lover of a country-life, to which he rather ſeems averſe, but by reaſon of the dignity and greatneſs of his truſt, and becauſe he was the ſon of a king, ſtolen away, and ſold by the Phenician pirates, which the ingenious Mr Cowley ſeems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it ſeem ſtrange, that the maſter of the horſe to king Latinus, in the ninth Æneid, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the firſt ſkirmiſh betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of ſuch quality, they cannot be ſuppoſed ſo very ignorant and unpoliſhed; the learning and good breeding of the world was then in the hands of ſuch people. He who was choſen by the conſent of all parties to arbitrate ſo delicate an affair as, which was the faireſt of the three celebrated beauties of heaven; he who had the addreſs to debauch away Helen from her huſband, her native country, and from a crown, underſtood what the French call by the too ſoft name of *gallanterie*; he had accompliſhments enough, how ill uſe ſoever he made of them. It ſeems therefore that Mr F. had not duly conſidered the matter, when he reflected ſo ſeverely upon Virgil, as if he had not obſerved the laws of decency in his paſtorals, in ma-

king ſhepherds ſpeak to things beſides their character, and above their capacity. 'He ſtands amazed, that ſhepherds ſhould thunder out, as he expreſſes himſelf, 'the formation of the world, and that too according to 'the ſyſtem of Epicurus. In truth, ſays he, page 176. 'I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece; (the 'Sixth Paſt.) I can neither comprehend the deſign of 'the author, nor the connexion of the parts; firſt come 'the ideas of philoſophy, and preſently after thoſe in-'coherent fables,' &c. To expoſe him yet more, he ſubjoins. 'It is Silenus himſelf who makes all this ab-'ſurd diſcourſe. Virgil ſays indeed that he had drank 'too much the day before; perhaps the debauch hung 'in his head when he compoſed this poem,' &c. Thus far Mr F. who, to the diſgrace of reaſon, as himſelf ingenuouſly owns, firſt built his houſe, and then ſtudied architecture; I mean firſt compoſed his eclogues, and then ſtudied the rules. In anſwer to this, we may obſerve, firſt, that this very paſtoral which he ſingles out to triumph over, was recited. by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applauſe; inſomuch that Cicero, who had heard part of it only, ordered the whole to be rehearſed, and, ſtruck with admiration of it, conferred then upon Virgil the glorious title of

'Magnae ſpes altera Romae.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this; we have the ſame account from another very credible and ancient author: ſo that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the ſingle opinion of this adventrous critic. A man ought to be

well assured of his own abilities, before he attack an author of established reputation. If Mr F. had perused the fragments of the Phenician antiquity, traced the progress of learning through the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted his learned countryman Huetius, he would have found, (which falls out unluckily for him), that a Chaldaean shepherd discovered to the Egyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what subject more fit for such a pastoral, than that great affair which was first notified to the world by one of that profession? Nor does it appear, (what he takes for granted), that Virgil describes the original of the world, according to the hypothesis of Epicurus; he was too well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross mistake; there is not the least mention of *chance* in that whole passage, nor of the *clinamen principiorum*, so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Virgil had not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgement to introduce a god denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the atoms, and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moses; and the eloquent commentator D'Acier, who is so confident that Horace had perused the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirmed the same thing of Virgil. For, besides that famous passage in the sixth Æneid, (by which this may be illustrated), where the word *principio* is used in the front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mentioned, and the *spiritus intus alit*, which might not improbably, as Mr D'Acier would suggest, allude to the 'Spirit moving upon the face of waters;' but, omitting this parallel place, the successive for-

mation of the world is evidently deſcribed in theſe words,

'Rerum paulatim ſumere formas;

And 'tis hardly poſſible to render more literally that verſe of Moſes,

'Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let 'the dry land appear,' than in this of Virgil,

'Jam durare ſolum, et diſcludere Nerea ponto.'

After this the formation of the ſun is deſcribed (exactly in the Moſaical order,) and next the production of the firſt leaving creatures, and that too in a ſmall number, (ſtill in the ſame method.)

'Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the foreſaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly the Moſaic ſyſtem, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coeval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at leaſt, that Virgil had Moſes in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he compoſed this poem. But it is further remarkable, that this paſſage was taken from a ſong attributed to Apollo, who himſelf too unluckily had been a ſhepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, compoſed by the firſt inventor of muſic, and at that time a ſhepherd too; and this is one of the nobleſt fragments of Greek antiquity; and, becauſe I cannot ſuppoſe the ingenious Mr F. one of their number, who pretend to cenſure the Greeks, without being able to diſtinguiſh Greek from Epheſian characters, I ſhall here ſet down the lines from which Virgil took this paſſage, though none of the commentators have obſerved it.

——ἤρατη δ' οἱ ἐσπέλο φωνη,
Κραινων ἀθανάλους τε θεους, και γαιαν ἐρεμνην,
Ὡς τα πρωλα γενοίλο, και ὡς λάχε μοιραν ἑκα-
σλος, &c.

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preſerved by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be inſtanced in Muſaeus himſelf.

So that our poet here, with great judgment, as always, follows the ancient cuſtom of beginning their more ſolemn ſongs with the creation, and does it too moſt properly under the perſon of a ſhepherd; and thus 'the firſt and beſt employment of poetry was to 'compoſe hymns in honour of the great Creator of the 'univerſe.'

Few words will ſuffice to anſwer his other objections. He demands, why thoſe ſeveral transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and ſoul of poetry? Can himſelf aſſign a more proper ſubject of paſtoral, than the Saturnia Regna, the age and ſcene of this kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the ſong of a god, or to imprint a religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the ſpecies of creatures at their pleaſure? Their families lived in groves, near the clear ſprings; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young ſhepherds, than that they ſhould not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glaſs, for fear of being ſtolen by the water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drowned as Hylas was? Paſiphae's monſtrous paſſion for a bull, is certainly a ſubject enough fitted for Bu-

colics: Can Mr F. tax Silenus for fetching too far the transformation of the two ſiſters of Phaeton into trees, when perhaps they ſat at that very time under the hoſpitable ſhade of thoſe alders and poplars? Or the metamorphoſes of Philomela into that raviſhing bird, which makes the ſweeteſt muſic of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient Greek writers, or ſo much as conſulted honeſt Servius, he would have diſcovered, that, under the allegory of this drunkenneſs of Silenus, the refinement and exaltation of mens minds by philoſophy was intended. But, if the author of theſe reflections can take ſuch flights in his wine, it is almoſt pity that drunkenneſs ſhould be a ſin, or that he ſhould ever want good ſtore of Burgundy and Champaign. But, indeed, he ſeems not to have ever drank out of Silenus's tankard, when he compoſed either his Critique, or Paſtorals.

His cenſure on the fourth ſeems worſe grounded than the other: It is entitled, in ſome ancient manuſcripts, The Hiſtory of the Renovation of the World: He complains, 'that he cannot underſtand what is meant 'by thoſe many figurative expreſſions:' But, if he had conſulted the younger Voſſius's diſſertation on this paſtoral, or read the excellent oration of the Emperor Conſtantine, made French by a good pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all thoſe figurative expreſſions; and, withall, very ſtrong proofs of the truth of the Chriſtian religion; ſuch as converted Heathens, as Valerianus, and others: And, upon account of this piece, the moſt learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a Chriſtian, even before Chriſtianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his books of divi-

nation, and Virgil probably had put it in verſe a conſiderable time before the edition of his paſtorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his ſon, but complimentally dates it from his conſulſhip. And therefore ſome one, who had not ſo kind thoughts of Mr F. as I, would be inclined to think him as bad a Catholic as a Critic in this place.

But, in reſpect to ſome books he has wrote ſince, I paſs by a great part of this, and ſhall only touch briefly ſome of the rules of this ſort of poem.

The firſt is, that an air of piety upon all occaſions ſhould be maintained in the whole poem: This appears in all the ancient Greek writers; as Homer, Heſiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is ſo exact in the obſervation of it, not only in this work, but in his Æneis too, that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting Æneas to do nothing without the aſſiſtance of ſome god. But by this it appears, at leaſt, that Mr St Evr. is no Janſeniſt.

Mr F. ſeems a little defective in this point; he brings in a pair of ſhepherdeſſes diſputing very warmly, whether Victoria be a goddeſs or a woman. Her great condeſcenſion and compaſſion, her affability and goodneſs, none of the meaneſt attributes of the divinity, paſs for convincing arguments that ſhe could not poſſibly be a goddeſs.

'Les deeſſes toujours fieres et mepriſantes
'Ne raſſureroient point les bergeres tremblantes
'Par d' obligeans diſcours, des ſouris gracieux;
'Mais tu l'as veu; cette auguſte perſonne
'Qui vient de paroiſtre en ces lieux

'Prend ſoin de raſſurer au moment qu'elle etonne,
'Sa bonte deſcendant ſans peine juſqu'a nous.'

In ſhort, ſhe has too many divine perfections to be a deity, and therefore ſhe is a mortal (which was the thing to be proved.) It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and religion, to make ſuch odious preferences. I am much ſurprized, therefore, that he ſhould uſe ſuch an argument as this:

'Cloris, as-tu veu des deeſſes
'Avoir un air ſi facile et ſi doux?'

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities, too eaſy of acceſs to Tithonus, to Anchiſes, and to Endymion? Is there any thing more ſparkiſh and better humoured than Venus's accoſting her ſon in the deſarts of Libya? or than the behaviour of Pallas to Diomedes? one of the moſt perfect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads; where ſhe condeſcends to *raille* him ſo agreeably; and, notwithſtanding her ſevere virtue, and all the enſigns of majeſty, with which ſhe ſo terribly adorns herſelf, condeſcends to ride with him in his chariot? But the Odyſſes are full of greater inſtances of condeſcenſion than this.

This brings to mind that famous paſſage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the gods at once,

'Victrix cauſa deis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.'

Which Brebaeuf has rendered ſo flatly, and which may be thus paraphraſed.

'Heav'n meanly with the conqueror did comply,
'But Cato, rather than ſubmit, would die.

It is an unpardonable preſumption in any ſort of religion to compliment their princes at the expence of their dieties.

But, letting that paſs, this whole eclogue is but a long paraphraſe of a trite verſe in Virgil, and Homer,

'Nec vox hominem ſonat, O Dea certe.'

So true is that remark of the admirable E. of Roſcommon, if applied to the Romans, rather, I fear, than to the Engliſh, ſince his own death,

'----------one ſterling line, [ſhine.
'Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages

Another rule is, that the characters ſhould repreſent that ancient innocence, and unpractiſed plainneſs, which was then in the world. P. Rapin has gathered many inſtances of this out of Theocritus and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himſelf. But Mr F. tranſgreſſed this rule, when he hid himſelf in the thicket, to liſten to the private diſcourſe of the two ſhepherdeſſes. This is not only ill breeding at Verſailles; the Arcadian ſhepherdeſſes themſelves would have ſet their dogs upon one for ſuch an unpardonable piece of rudeneſs.

A third rule is, that there ſhould be ſome ordonnance, ſome deſign, or little plot, which may deſerve the title of a paſtoral ſcene. This is every where obſerved by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the firſt eclogue, the ſtandard of all paſtorals. A beautiful landſcape preſents itſelf to your view; a ſhepherd, with his flock around him, reſting ſecurely under a ſpreading beech, which furniſhed the firſt food to our anceſtors. Another, in quite different ſituation of mind and

circumſtances, the ſun ſetting, the hoſpitality of the more fortunate ſhepherd, &c. And here Mr F. ſeems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate ſort of writing, is, that there be choice diverſity of ſubjects; that the eclogue, like a beautiful proſpect, ſhould charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point, and far ſurpaſſes Theocritus, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The ſubject of the firſt paſtoral is hinted above.

The ſecond contains the love of Corydon for Alexis, and the ſeaſonable reproach he gives himſelf, that he left his vines half pruned, (which, according to the Roman rituals, derived a curſe upon the fruit that grew upon it), whilſt he purſued an object undeſerving his paſſion.

The third, a ſharp contention of two ſhepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the diſcourſe of a ſhepherd, comforting himſelf in a declining age, that a better was enſuing.

The fifth, a lamentation for a dead friend, the firſt draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the paſtorals now extant, his brother being at firſt intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Auguſtus, by turning it into an apotheoſis of Julius Caeſar.

The ſixth is the Silenus.

The ſeventh, another poetical diſpute, firſt compoſed at Mantua.

The eighth is the deſcription of a deſpairing lover, and a magical charm.

He ſets the ninth after all theſe, very modeſtly, becauſe it was particular to himſelf; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diverſifying his ſubjects. But Mr F. is a great deal too uniform: Begin where you pleaſe, the ſubject is ſtill the ſame. We find it true what he ſays of himſelf,

'Toujours, toujours de l'amour.'

He ſeems to take paſtorals and love-verſes for the ſame thing. Has human nature no other paſſion? Does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a capricio of honour, and lazineſs itſelf, often triumph over love? But this paſſion does all, not only in paſtorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be ſick, or die, than he can be born, without a woman. But dramatics have been compoſed in compliance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whoſe example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the ſcenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love-verſes is not ſo much an effect of their amorouſneſs, as of immoderate ſelf-love; this being the only ſort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without cenſure, but even with commendation, talk of himſelf. There is generally more of the paſſion of Narciſſus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna, in this whole affair. Be pleaſed to look into almoſt any of thoſe writers, and you ſhall meet every where that Eternal Moy, which the admirable Paſcal ſo

judiciouſly condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one ſo particular quality, that he never ſpeaks of himſelf, either in the Iliad, or the Odyſſes; and if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loſer by it. This conſideration might induce thoſe great critics, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the four firſt verſes of the Æneis, in great meaſure, for the ſake of that unlucky *ille ego*. But extraordinary geniuſes have a ſort of prerogative, which may diſpenſe them from laws, binding to ſubject-wits. However, the ladies have the leſs reaſon to be pleaſed with thoſe addreſſes, of which the poet takes the greater ſhare to himſelf. Thus the beau preſſes into their dreſſing-room, but it is not ſo much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjuſt his own ſteenkirk and peruke, and ſet his countenance in their glaſs.

A fifth rule, (which one may hope will not be conteſted), is, that the writer ſhould ſhew, in his compoſitions, ſome competent ſkill of the ſubject-matter, that which makes the character of perſons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and oeconomy of a poem, Virgil much excells his maſter Theocritus. The poet is better ſkilled in huſbandry than thoſe that get their bread by it. He deſcribes the nature, the diſeaſes, the remedies, the proper places, and ſeaſons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet; the lodging and paſtimes of his ſhepherds. But the perſons brought in by Mr F. are ſhepherds in maſquerade, and handle their ſheep-hook as aukwardly as they do their oaten reed. They ſaunter about with their *chers moutons*; but they relate as little

to the buſineſs in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ſhip does to the hiſtory deſigned. One would ſuſpect ſome of them, that inſtead of leading out their ſheep into the plains of Mount Briſon, and Marcilli, to the flowry banks of Lignon, or the Charanthe, that they are driving directly *a la boucherie*, to make money of them. I hope hereafter Mr F. will chuſe his ſervants better.

A ſixth rule is, that as the ſtile ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it ſhould have ſome peculiar reliſh of the ancient faſhion of writing. Parables in thoſe times were frequently uſed, as they are ſtill by the Eaſtern nations, philoſophical queſtions, aenigma's, &c. and of this we find inſtances in the ſacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David; in Herodotus; in the Greek tragedians. This piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgement and diſcretion. He has propoſed one riddle which has never yet been ſolved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric, as well as Cicero himſelf, he conceals that ſkill in his paſtorals, and keeps cloſe to the character of antiquity. Nor ought the connections and tranſitions to be very ſtrict and regular; this would give the paſtorals an air of novelty: And of this neglect of exact connections, we have inſtances in the writings of the ancient Chineſes, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the chorus's of Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr F. and Ruaeus, had conſidered this, the one would have ſpared his critic of the ſixth, and the other his reflections upon the ninth paſtoral. The over-ſcrupulous care of connections makes the modern

compoſitions oftentimes tedious and flat: And by the omiſſion of them it comes to paſs, that the *penſees* of the incomparable Mr Paſcal, and perhaps of Mr Bruyere, are two of the moſt entertaining books which the modern French can boaſt of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after nature herſelf. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the ſpring are profuſely blended together, makes a more delightful proſpect than a curious parterre of ſorted flowers in our gardens; and we are much more tranſported with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear night, when we behold ſtars of all magnitudes, promiſcuouſly moving together, than if thoſe glorious lights were ranked in their ſeveral orders, or reduced into the fineſt geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by P. Rapin, as ſome of his are by me, (for I do not deſign an entire treatiſe in this preface,) is, that not only the ſentences ſhould be ſhort, and ſmart, upon which account, he juſtly blames the Italian, and French, as too talkative, but that the whole piece ſhould be ſo too. Virgil tranſgreſſed this rule in his firſt paſtorals, I mean thoſe which he compoſed at Mantua, but rectified the fault in his riper years. This appears by the Culex, which is as long as five of his paſtorals put together. The greater part of thoſe he finiſhed, have leſs than an hundred verſes, and but two of them exceed that number. But the Silenus, which he ſeems to have deſigned for his maſterpiece, in which he introduces a god ſinging, and he too full of inſpiration, (which is intended by that ebriety which Mr F. ſo unreaſonably ridicules,) though it go through ſo vaſt a field of matter, and comprizes the

mythology of near two thouſand years, conſiſts but of fifty lines; ſo that its brevity is no leſs admirable, than the ſubject-matter, the noble faſhion of handling it, and the deity ſpeaking. Virgil keeps up his character in this reſpect too, with the ſtricteſt decency. For poetry and paſtime was not the buſineſs of mens lives in thoſe days, but only their ſeaſonable recreation after neceſſary labours. And therefore the length of ſome of the modern Italian, and Engliſh compoſitions, is againſt the rules of this kind of poeſy.

I ſhall add ſomething very briefly touching the verſification of paſtorals, though it be a mortifying conſideration to the moderns. Heroic verſe, as it is commonly called, was uſed by the Greeks in this ſort of poem, as very ancient and natural, Lyrics, Iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: But there is ſo great a difference in the numbers, of which it may be compounded, that it may paſs rather for a *genus* than *ſpecies* of verſe. Whoſoever ſhall compare the numbers of the three following verſes, will quickly be ſenſible of the truth of this obſervation.

'Tityre, tu patulae recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

The firſt of the Georgics,

'Quid faciat laetas ſegetes, quo ſydere terram.

and of the Æneis,

'Arma, virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris.

The ſound of the verſes is almoſt as different as the ſubjects. But the Greek writers of paſtoral uſually limited themſelves to the example of the firſt; which Virgil found ſo exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable that what we improperly call rhyme, is the moſt ancient ſort of poetry; and learned men

have given good arguments for it: And therefore a French hiſtorian commits as a groſs miſtake, when he attributes that invention to a king of Gaul, as an Engliſh gentleman does, when he makes a Roman Emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who underſtood fully the force and power of numbers, ſoon grew weary of this childiſh ſort of verſe, as the younger Voſſius juſtly calls it; and, therefore, thoſe rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch obſerves in Homer himſelf, ſeem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in ſuch abhorrence, that he would rather make a falſe ſyntax, than (what we call a rhyme,) ſuch a verſe as this.

'Vir precor uxori, frater ſuccurre Sororſi,'

was paſſable in Ovid; but the nice ears in Auguſtus's court could not pardon Virgil for

'At regina pyra.'

So that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks: It was they who invented the different terminations of words, thoſe happy compoſitions, thoſe ſhort monoſyllables, thoſe tranſpoſitions for the elegance of the ſound and ſenſe, which are wanting ſo much in modern languages. The French ſometimes crowd together ten or twelve monoſyllables into one disjointed verſe: They may underſtand the nature of, but cannot imitate, thoſe wonderful ſpondees of Pythagoras, by which he could ſuddenly pacify a man that was in a violent tranſport of anger; nor thoſe ſwift numbers of the prieſts of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the moſt ſedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into

his own language the energy of that ſingle poem of Catullus,

'Super alta vectus Atys,' &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spaniſh, and Italian, a corruption of Latin; and therefore a man might as well go about to perſuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compoſitions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itſelf. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into Iambics; and therefore the diligent reader may find ſix or ſeven and twenty of them in thoſe accurate orations of Iſocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's hiſtory is half an hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. * The Roman hiſtorian, deſcribing the glorious effort of a colonel to break thro' a brigade of the enemies, juſt after the defeat at Cannae, falls, unknowingly, into a verſe not unworthy Virgil himſelf:

'Haec ubi dicta dedit, ſtringit gladium, cuneoq;
'Facto per medios,' &c.

Ours and the French can at beſt but fall into blank verſe, which is a fault in proſe. The misfortune indeed is common to us both; but we deſerve more compaſſion, becauſe we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the ſtate and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire, the Romans doated into rhyme, as appears ſufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church, and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deſerve that poor title. I ſhall give

* Livy.

an inſtance out of a poem which had the good luck to gain the prize in 1685; for the ſubject deſerved a nobler pen.

'Tous les jours ce grand roy, des autres roys
'l'exemple,
'S'ouvre nouveau chemin au faiſte de un ton
'temple,' &c.

The judicious Malherbe exploded this ſort of verſe near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that paſſage of a famous academician, in which he, moſt compaſſionately, excuſes the ancients for their not being ſo exact in their compoſitions, as the modern French, becauſe they wanted a dictionary, of which the French are at laſt happily provided. If Demoſthenes and Cicero had been ſo lucky as to have had a dictionary, and ſuch a patron as Cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aſpired to the honour of Balzac's legacy of ten pounds, *le prix de l'eloquence.*

On the contrary, I dare aſſert, that there are hardly ten lines in either of thoſe great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ſhips, which is not more harmonious, more truly rythmical, than moſt of the French or Engliſh ſonnets; and therefore they loſe, at leaſt, one half of their native beauty by tranſlation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occaſion, that the French verſe is oftentimes not ſo much as rhime, in the loweſt ſenſe; for the childiſh repetition of the ſame note cannot be called muſic; ſuch inſtances are infinite, as in the fore-cited poem.

'Epris Trophee Cache;
'Mepris Orphee Cherche.'

Mr Boileau himſelf has a great deal of this μονοτονια, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultineſs and poverty of the French tongue. Mr F. at laſt goes into the exceſſive paradoxes of Mr Perrault, and boaſts of the vaſt number of their excellent ſongs, preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer, of as good credit, has aſſured us, that ſeven lives would hardly ſuffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be ſufficient, if a man were ſo very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I ſhould be very glad to ſee a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

'* Exact propriety of word and thought.'

Notwithſtanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another; (for I am far from cenſuring the whole of that illuſtrious ſociety, to which the learned world is much obliged); after all thoſe golden dreams at the l'Ouvre, that their pieces will be as much valued ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek, or Roman, I can no more get it into my head that they will laſt ſo long, than I could believe the learned Dr H---- K (of the royal ſociety,) if he ſhould pretend to ſhew me a butterfly that had lived a thouſand winters.

When Mr F. wrote his eclogues, he was ſo far from equalling Virgil, or Theocritus, that he had ſome pains to take before he could underſtand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings do conſiſt.

* Eſſay of Poetry.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the firſt who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greateſt maſters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have ſtill diſputed for the advantage over him in Paſtoral and Heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Heſiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the ſweetneſs and ruſticity of a paſtoral cannot be ſo well expreſſed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majeſty of an heroic poem any where appear ſo well as in this language, which has a natural greatneſs in it, and can be often rendered more deep and ſonorous by the pronounciation of the Ionians. But, in the middle ſtile, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we ſee how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the ſame way with him.

There has been abundance of criticiſm ſpent on Virgil's Paſtorals and Æneids; but the Georgics are a ſubject which none of the critics have ſufficiently taken into their conſideration; moſt of them paſſing it over

in ſilence, or caſting it under the ſame head with paſtoral; a diviſion by no means proper, unleſs we ſuppoſe the ſtile of a huſbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a ſhepherd is in paſtoral. But tho' the ſcene of both theſe poems lies in the ſame place, the ſpeakers in them are of a quite different character, ſince the precepts of huſbandry are not to be delivered with the ſimplicity of a ploughman, but with the addreſs of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to paſtoral can any way affect the Georgics, which fall under that claſs of poetry which conſiſts in giving plain and direct inſtructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as thoſe of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philoſophical ſpeculations, as thoſe of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as thoſe of Heſiod and Virgil. Among theſe different kinds of ſubjects, that which the Georgic goes upon, is, I think, the meaneſt and leaſt improving, but the moſt pleaſing and delightful. Precepts of morality, beſides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from ideas of ſenſe, that they ſeldom give an opportunity for thoſe beautiful deſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life of poetry. Natural philoſophy has indeed ſenſible objects to work upon; but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its diſputes. But this kind of poetry I am now ſpeaking of, addreſſes itſelf wholly to the imagination; it is altogether converſant among the fields and woods, and has the moſt delightful part of nature for its province: It raiſes in our minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and landſkips, whilſt it teaches us, and makes the drieſt

of its precepts look like a deſcription. A Georgic, therefore, is ſome part of the ſcience of huſbandry put into a pleaſing dreſs, and ſet off with all the beauties and embelliſhments of poetry. Now, ſince this ſcience of huſbandry is of a very large extent, the poet ſhows his ſkill in ſingling out ſuch precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of ornament. Virgil was ſo well acquainted with this ſecret, that, to ſet off his firſt Georgic, he has run into a ſet of precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his ſubject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the ſigns in nature which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be ſo much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and ſhew themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantageous light. They ſhould all be ſo finely wrought together into the ſame piece, that no coarſe ſeam may diſcover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety, without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this body of precepts into a clear and eaſy method, unleſs they are delivered to us in the moſt pleaſing and agreeable manner: For there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chuſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes poetry from proſe, and makes Virgil's rules of huſbandry pleaſanter to read than Varro's. Where the proſe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the

poet often conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his country-man performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding. I ſhall give one inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may ſee the different ways Virgil has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the ſecond Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

'Et ſaepe alterius ramos impune videmus
'Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
'Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
'------Steriles platani malos geſſere valentes,
'Caſtaneae fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
'Flore pyri, glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.
'--------Nec longum tempus: Et ingens
'Exiit ad coelum ramis felicibus arbos;
'Miraturque novas frondes, et non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the poet conſidered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurpriſe, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the poets, and is particularly practiſed by Virgil, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without giving

us a full and open view of it: To let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it: For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the incultating precept upon precept, will at length prove tireſome to the reader, if he meets with no other entertainment, the poet muſt take care not to incumber his poem with too much buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the ſubject with a moral reflection, or let it reſt a while for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions, (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the Georgic: For they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the ſubject; that ſo the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhould never quite loſe ſight of the country, tho' we are ſometimes entertained with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's deſcriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulneſs of Italy, of a country-life, and the like; which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal argument and deſign of the poem. I know no one digreſſion in the Georgics that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the firſt book, where the poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battle of Pharſalia, and the

actions of Auguſtus; but it is worth while to conſider how admirably he has turned the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his huſbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in thoſe inimitable lines,

'Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
'Agricola in curvo terram molitus aratro,
'Exeſa inveniet ſcabra rubigine pila:
'Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
'Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterward, ſpeaking of Auguſtus's actions, he ſtill remembers that agriculture ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

'----------Non ullus aratro
'Dignus honos: Squalent abductis arva colonis:
'Et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.

We now come to the ſtile which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent itſelf, and riſe up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his ſubject debaſe his ſtile, and betray him into a meanneſs of expreſſion, but every where to keep up his verſe in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phraſe or ſaying in common talk, ſhould be admitted into a ſerious poem: Becauſe it takes off from the ſolemnity of the expreſſion, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: Much leſs ought the low phraſes and terms of art, that are adapted to huſbandry, have any place in ſuch a work as the

Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural ſimplicity and nakedneſs of its ſubject, but in the pleaſanteſt dreſs that poetry can beſtow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make uſe of *tempore* but *ſidere* in his firſt verſe, and every where elſe abounds with metaphors, Greciſms, and circumlocutions, to give his verſe the greater pomp, and preſerve it from ſinking into a plebeian ſtile. And herein conſiſts Virgil's maſter-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himſelf, in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more ſtrong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themſelves: And find our imaginations more affected by his deſcriptions, than they would have been by the very ſight of what he deſcribes.

I ſhall now, after this ſhort ſcheme of rules, conſider the different ſucceſs that Heſiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us ſome further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Heſiod: If we may gueſs at his character from his writings, he had much more of the huſbandman than of the poet in his temper: He was wonderfully grave, diſcreet, and frugal: He lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good huſbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandiſe, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method of deſcribing month after month, with its proper ſeaſons and

employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may before hand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſunſhine, in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus, when he ſpeaks of January; the wild beaſts, ſays he, run ſhivering through the woods with their heads ſtooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almoſt ſtead with cold; but it is not ſo bad with the ſheep, becauſe they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who ſit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-ſide. Thus does the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo very thick that they clog the poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But, after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough ſketch of a Georgic: Where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiqueneſs of the work; but, if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules for tillage and planting into two books, which Heſiod has diſpatched in

half a one; but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright country-man, and, in the other, ſomething of a ruſtic majeſty, like that of a Roman Dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has picked out thoſe that are moſt proper for his huſbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the expreſſion, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The ſecond book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its metaphors than any of the reſt. The poet with a great beauty applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, deſire and the like to his trees. The laſt Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for human thoughts and paſſions may be more naturally aſcribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleaſures of a country-life, as they are deſcribed by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can ſcarce be of Virgil's mind, in preferring even the life of a philoſopher to it.

We may I think read the poet's clime in his deſcription, for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the writing of it.

'——O quis me gelidus ſub montibus Haemi
'Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleaſures, the coolneſs of his ſhades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the deſcription of a ſunny hill, and fire-ſide.

The third Georgic ſeems to be the moſt laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and ſpirit in the deſcription of the horſe and chariot-race. The force of love is repreſented in noble inſtances, and very ſublime expreſſions. The Scythian winter-piece appears ſo very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can ſcarce look on it without ſhivering. The murrain at the end has all the expreſſiveneſs that words can give. It was here that the poet ſtrained hard to outdo Lucretius in the deſcription of his plague; and if the reader would ſee what ſucceſs he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil ſeems no where ſo well pleaſed, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of ſo trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the moſt important concerns of mankind. His verſes are not in a greater noiſe and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two ſwarms. And, as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to thoſe of bees and piſmires, here he compares the labours of the bees to thoſe of the Cyclops. In ſhort, the laſt Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well ſhewed what the poet could do in the deſcription of what was really great, by deſcribing the mock-grandeur of an inſect with ſo good a grace. There is more pleaſantneſs in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than

in all the ſpacious walks and water-works of Rapin's. The ſpeech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude ſo divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I ſhould, in the next place, endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But, tho' I think there are ſome few parts in it that are not ſo beautiful as the reſt, I ſhall not preſume to name them, as rather ſuſpecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay ſo long under Virgil's correction, and had his laſt hand put to it. The firſt Georgic was probably burleſqued in the author's lifetime; for we ſtill find in the ſcholiaſts a verſe that ridicules part of a line tranſlated from Heſiod. 'Nudus ara, ſere nudus'——And we may eaſily gueſs at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his cenſuring this particular precept. We may be ſure Virgil would not have tranſlated it from Heſiod, had he not diſcovered ſome beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before obſerved to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept ſo indirectly, and ſingling out the particular circumſtance of ſowing and ploughing naked, to ſuggeſt to us that theſe employments are proper only in the hot ſeaſon of the year.

I ſhall not here compare the ſtile of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may ſee already done in the preface to the ſecond volume of Miſcellany Poems; but ſhall conclude this poem to be the moſt compleat, elaborate, and finiſhed piece of all anti-

quity. The Æneis indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

A GOLDEN column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate:
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.

POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE FIRST PASTORAL; OR, TITYRUS AND MELIBOEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occaſion of the firſt paſtoral was this. When Auguſtus had ſettled himſelf in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their paſt ſervice, he diſtributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua; turning out the right owners for having ſided with his enemies. Virgil was a ſufferer among the reſt; who afterwards recovered his eſtate by Mecaenas's interceſſion; and, as an inſtance of his gratitude, compoſed the following paſtoral; where he ſets out his own good fortune in the perſon of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Meliboeus.

MELIBOEUS.

BENEATH the ſhade which beechen boughs diffuſe,
You, Tityrus, entertain your ſylvan Muſe:
Round the wide world in baniſhment we rome,
Forc'd from our pleaſing fields and native home:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe you ſing your happy loves:
And Amaryllis fills the ſhady groves.

TYT. Theſe bleſſings, friend, a deity beſtow'd:
For never can I deem him leſs than God.
The tender firſtlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flow'ry plain:
And to my pipe renew'd the rural ſtrain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging ſword and waſteful fire
Deſtroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hoſtile arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my fate: My feeble goats
With pains I drive from their foreſaken cotes.
And this you ſee I ſcarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the rocks has left her young;
(The hope and promiſe of my failing fold:)
My loſs by dire portents the gods foretold:
For, had I not been blind, I might have ſeen
Yon riven oak, the faireſt of the green
And the horſe raven, on the blaſted bough,
By croaking from the left preſag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heav'nly pow'r
Preſerv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TYT. Fool that I was! I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their ſires and dams expreſs:
And ſo the great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But country-towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like ſhrubs, when lofty cypreſſes are near.

MEL. What great occaſion call'd you hence to Rome?

TYT. Freedom, which came at length, tho' ſlow to come:

Nor did my ſearch of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amaryllis would vouchſafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpleſs, hopeleſs, homely ſwain,
I ſought not freedom, nor aſpir'd to gain:
Tho' many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheeſe to country-markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I ſpent,
And ſtill return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We ſtood amaz'd to ſee your miſtreſs mourn;
Unknowing that ſhe pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why ſhe kept her fruit ſo long,
For whom ſo late th' ungather'd apples hung.
But now the wonder ceaſes, ſince I ſee
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee:
For thee the bubbling ſprings appear'd to mourn;
And whiſp'ring pines made vows for thy return.

TYT. What ſhould I do! while here I was enchain'd?
No glimpſe of godlike liberty remain'd?
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god ſo preſent to my pray'r.
There firſt the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd;
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciouſly decreed
My grounds to be reſtor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man! whoſe farm remains
For you ſufficient, and requites your pains;
Tho' ruſhes overſpread the neighb'ring plains,
Tho' here the marſhy grounds approach your fields,
And there the ſoil a ſtony harveſt yields,

Your teeming ews ſhall no ſtrange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold yon bord'ring fence of ſallow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs, the flow'rs are fraught with bees:
The buſy bees with a ſoft murm'ring ſtrain
Invite to gentle ſleep the lab'ring ſwain.
While from the neighb'ring rock, with rural ſongs,
The pruner's voice the pleaſing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And from the lofty elms of love complain.

TYT. Th' inhabitants of ſeas and ſkies ſhall change,
And fiſh on ſhore, and ſtags in air ſhall range,
The baniſh'd Parthian dwell on Arrar's brink,
And the blue German ſhall the Tigris drink;
E'er I, forſaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that god-like youth.

MEL. But we muſt beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the ſcorching or the freezing zone.
And ſome to far Oaxis ſhall be ſold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.
The reſt among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O muſt the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rowling years return?
Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjuſt decree,
No more our houſes and our homes to ſee?
Or ſhall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own?
Did we for theſe barbarians plant and ſow,
On theſe, on theſe, our happy fields beſtow?
Good heav'n what dire effects from civil diſcord flow?

Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewel my paſtures, my paternal ſtock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, ſhall I behold you climb
The ſteepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall ſee you browzing on the mountain's brow
The prickly ſhrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyſs, and hang in air.
No more my ſheep ſhall ſip the morning dew;
No more my ſong ſhall pleaſe the rural crew:
Adieu my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!
TYT. This night, at leaſt, with me forget your care;
Cheſnuts and curds and cream ſhall be your fare:
The carpet-ground ſhall be with leaves o'erſpread;
And boughs ſhall weave a cov'ring for your head.
For ſee yon ſunny hill the ſhade extends;
And curling ſmoak from cottages aſcends.

THE SECOND PASTORAL;

OR,

A L E X I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the perſon of Alexis, but are all of opinion that ſome beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and ſimplicity. His way of court-

ſhip is wholely paſtoral: He complains of the boy's coyneſs; recommends himſelf for his beauty and ſkill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promiſes him the diverſions of the place, with a ſuitable preſent of nuts and apples: But, when he finds nothing will prevail, he reſolves to quit his troubleſome amour, and betake himſelf again to his former buſineſs.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy ſhepherd ſwain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen ſhade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And muſt I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The ſheep enjoy the coolneſs of the ſhade;
And Theſtylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harveſt-hinds o'erſpent with toil and heats:
While in the ſcorching ſun I trace in vain
Thy flying footſteps o'er the burning plain.
The creaking locuſts with my voice conſpire;
They fry'd with heat, and I with fierce deſire.
How much more eaſy was it to ſuſtain
Proud Amaryllis, and her haughty reign?
The ſcorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Tho' he was black, and thou art heav'nly fair?
Truſt not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but ſoon the charm will paſs:
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While duſky hyacinths for uſe remain.

My paſſion is thy ſcorn; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can beſtow:
What ſtores my dairies and my folds contain:
A thouſand lambs that wander on the plain:
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the ſummer overflows the pails.
Amphion ſung not ſweeter to his herd,
When ſummon'd ſtones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for late I ſtood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were ſtill; and, if the glaſs be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.
O leave the noiſy town, O come and ſee
Our country cotes, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing goats:
To pipe and ſing, and in our country ſtrain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds;
Pan loves the ſhepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
Nor ſcorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kiſſes wou'd my ſkill have bought.
Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damoetas gave:
And ſaid, this Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.
His eyes Amyntas durſt not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praiſe, but more the gift.
Beſides, two kids, that in the valley ſtray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd:
They drain two bagging udders ev'ry day;
And theſe ſhall be companions of thy play.

Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian ſtrain,
Which Theſtylis had often begg'd in vain:
And ſhe ſhall have them, if again ſhe ſhews,
Since you the giver and the gift refuſe.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the preſents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full caniſters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple ſpring.
The daughters of the flood have ſearch'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropt the poppy's head:
The ſhort Narciſſus and fair daffodil,
Panſies to pleaſe the ſight, and caſia ſweet to ſmell:
And ſet ſoft hyacinths with iron blue,
To ſhade marſh marygolds of ſhining hue.
Some bound in order, others looſely ſtrow'd,
To dreſs thy bow'r, and trim thy new abode.
Myſelf will ſearch our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the gloſſy plum:
And thraſh the cheſnuts in the neighb'ring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle ſweets agree;
And both in noſegays ſhall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy ſwain!
Alexis will thy homely gifts diſdain:
Nor, ſhouldſt thou offer all thy little ſtore,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.
What have I done, to name that wealthy ſwain!
So powerful are his preſents, mine ſo mean!
The boar amidſt my chryſtal ſtreams I bring;
And ſouthern winds to blaſt my flow'ry ſpring.
Ah cruel creature! whom doſt thou deſpiſe?
The gods to live in woods have left the ſkies.

And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
In cities which ſhe built, let Pallas reign;
Tow'rs are for gods, but foreſts for the ſwain.
The greedy lioneſs the wolf purſues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browze:
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
All follow ſev'ral games, and each his own.
See from afar the fields no longer ſmoke,
The ſweating ſteers unharnaſs'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The ſhadows lengthen as the ſun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
Ah, cruel heav'n! that made no cure for love!
I wiſh for balmy ſleep, but wiſh in vain:
Love has no bounds in pleaſure, or in pain.
What frenzy, ſhepherd, has thy ſoul poſſeſs'd?
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undreſs'd.
Quench, Cordyon, thy long unanſwer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of life require.
On willow-twigs employ thy weaving care:
And find an eaſier love, tho' not ſo fair.

THE THIRD PASTORAL;

OR,

PALÆMON.

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

DAMOETAS and Menalcas, after ſome ſmart ſtrokes of country-raillery, reſolve to try who has the moſt ſkill at a ſong; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: Who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himſelf unfit for the deciſion of ſo weighty a controverſy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS.

HO, ſwain! what ſhepherd owns thoſe ragged ſheep?

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave 'em me to keep.

MEN. Unhappy ſheep of an unhappy ſwain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain;
And fears that I the damſel ſhall obtain;
Thou, varlet, doſt thy maſter's gain devour:
Thou milk'ſt his ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of graſs and fodder thou defraud'ſt the dams;
And of their mother's dugs the ſtarving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young favourite, at leaſt to men:
We know who did your buſineſs, how, and when.

And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;
And what the goats obſerv'd with leering eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd; and there your ſafety lies.

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the leys,
Cut Mycon's tender viues, and ſtole the ſtays.

DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis and the ſhafts you broke:
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And but for miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpight.

MEN. What nonſenſe wou'd the fool thy maſter prate,
When thou, his knave, can'ſt talk at ſuch a rate!
Did I not ſee you, raſcal, did I not!
When you lay ſnug to ſnap young Damon's goat?
His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes! ſtop, ſtop the thief!
Diſcover'd and defeated of your prey,
You ſkulk'd behind the fence, and ſneak'd away.

DAM. An honeſt man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by ſinging fairly won.
A ſolemn match was made; he loſt the prize,
Aſk Damon, aſk if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not, if he does, he lyes.

MEN. Thou ſing with him! thou booby! never pipe
Was ſo profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the beſt, in ſtreets but ſcarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy ſtraw, the ſtupid crowd.

DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our ſkill, our voices to compare?
My brinded heifer to the ſtake I lay;
Two thriving calves ſhe ſuckles twice a day:

And twice beſides her beeſtings never fail
To ſtore the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your ſinging with an equal ſtake.

MEN. That ſhou'd be ſeen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common ſtock?
A ſtepdame too I have, a curſed ſhe,
Who rules my hen-peck'd ſire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the milky dams;
And once ſhe takes the tale of all the lambs.
But ſince you will be mad, and ſince you may
Suſpect my courage, if I ſhould not lay;
The pawn I proffer ſhall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid.
The lids are ivy, grapes in cluſters lurk,
Beneath the carving of the curious work.
Two figures on the ſides emboſs'd appear;
Conon, and what's his name who made the ſphere,
And ſhew'd the ſeaſons of the ſliding year;
Inſtructed in his trade the lab'ring ſwain,
And when to reap and when to ſow the grain?

DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the ſame, from the ſame hand they come;
The kimbo handles ſeem with bears-foot carv'd;
And never yet to table have been ſerv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beaſts encompaſs'd, and a dancing grove:
But theſe, nor all the proffers you can make
Are worth the heifer which I ſet to ſtake.

MEN. No more delays, vain boaſter, but begin:
I prophecy before-hand I ſhall win.
Palæmon ſhall be judge how ill you rhyme;
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAM. Rhymer come on, and do the worſt you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With ſilence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a buſineſs of a high debate.

PAL. Sing then; the ſhade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with graſs;
The bloſſoms blow; the birds on buſhes ſing;
And nature has accompliſh'd all the ſpring.
The challenge to Damœtas ſhall belong;
Menalcas ſhall ſuſtain his under ſong:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muſes love to ſing.

DAM. From the great father of the gods above
My Muſe begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of heav'n and earth belongs;
My flocks he bleſſes, and he loves my ſongs.

MEN. Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muſe inſpires;
And in her ſongs the warmth he gave requires.
For him, the god of ſhepherds and their ſheep,
My bluſhing hyacinths, and my bays I keep.

DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies;
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies:
And wiſhes to be ſeen, before ſhe flies.

MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unaſk'd to me;
And offers love; and ſits upon my knee:
Not Delia to my dogs is known ſo well as he.

DAM. To the dear miſtreſs of my love-ſick mind,
Her ſwain a pretty preſent has deſign'd:

I ſaw two ſtock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the neſt, and her's ſhall be the young.

MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And ſtood on tip-toes, reaching to the ground.
I ſent Amyntas all my preſent ſtore;
And will, to morrow, ſend as many more.

DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all ſhe ſaid and all ſhe did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heav'n her accents bear;
Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when abſent from my ſight!
I hold the nets while you purſue the prey;
And muſt not ſhare the dangers of the day.

DAM. I keep my birth-day: Send my Phyllis home;
At ſheering-time, Iolas, you may come.

MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than your:
Her ſorrow did my parting ſteps purſue;
Adieu my dear, ſhe ſaid, a long adieu.

DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair more ills I find,
Than from the wolves, and ſtorms, and winter-wind.

MEN. The kids with pleaſure browze the buſhy plain,
The ſhow'rs are grateful to the ſwelling grain,
To teeming ewes the fallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.

DAM. Pollio my rural verſe vouchſafes to read:
A heifer, Muſes, for your patron breed.

MEN. My Pollio writes himſelf: A bull be bred,
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muſe admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full deſires:
Let myrrh inſtead of thorn his fences fill:
And ſhow'rs of honey from his oaks diſtill.

MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be,
Dead Maevius, damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The ſame ill taſte of ſenſe wou'd ſerve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and ſheer the ſwine.

DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and ſpoil the ſpring,
Beware the ſecret ſnake that ſhoots a ſting.

MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly ſheep,
The ground is falſe, the running ſtreams are deep:
See! they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring rock.

DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and fling your hook;
Anon I'll waſh 'em in the ſhallow brook.

MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous paſture come!
But love, that drains the herd, deſtroys the groom.

MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look ſo thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their ſkin.
What magic has bewitch'd the wooly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAM. Say, where the round of heav'n, which all contains,
To three ſhort ells on earth our ſight reſtrains:
Tell that, and raiſe a Phoebus for thy pains.

MEN. Nay, tell me firſt, in what new region ſprings
A flow'r, that bears inſcrib'd the names of kings:
And thou ſhalt gain a preſent as divine
As Phoebus ſelf; for Phyllis ſhall be thine.

PAL. So nice a diff'rence in your ſinging lies,
That both have won, or both deſerve the prize.
Reſt equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter ſweets, and pleaſing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods reſtrain:
Their moiſture has already drench'd the plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL;

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the ſon of Pollio, born in the conſulſhip of his father, after the taking of Salonae, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verſes are tranſlated from one of the Sybils, who propheſy of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly ſhrubs and trees that ſhade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muſe, prepare
To make the vocal woods deſerve a conſul's care.
The laſt great age, foretold by ſacred rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd courſe; Saturnian times
Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
From their bright orb, in radiant circles run.
The baſe degenerate iron-offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heav'n deſcends;

O chaſte Lucina, ſpeed the mother's pains,
And haſte the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auſpicious face,
Shall Pollio's conſulſhip and triumph grace; [race.
Majeſtic months ſet out with him to their appointed
The father baniſh'd virtue ſhall reſtore,
And crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The ſon ſhall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes ſeen, and gods and heroes ſee.
The jarring nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth ſhall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promiſes of ſpring)
As her firſt off'rings to her infant king.
The goats with ſtrutting dugs ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing herds, ſecure from lions feed.
His cradle ſhall with riſing flow'rs be crown'd;
The ſerpents brood ſhall die: The ſacred ground
Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuſe to bear;
Each common buſh ſhall Syrian roſes wear.
But when heroic verſe his youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to hereditary praiſe;
Unlabour'd harveſts ſhall the fields adorn,
And cluſter'd grapes ſhall bluſh on ev'ry thorn.
The knotted oaks ſhall ſhow'rs of honey weep,
And through the matted graſs the liquid gold ſhall creep.
Yet, of old fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities ſhall with walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd ſhares ſhall vex the fruitful ground.
Another Typhis ſhall new ſeas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian ſhore.

Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy ſailor ſhall the ſeas forego;
No keel ſhall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For ev'ry ſoil ſhall ev'ry product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen ſhall disjoin;
No plow ſhall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine:
Nor wool ſhall in diſſembled colours ſhine:
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece ſhall proudly ſweat:
And under Tyrian robes the lamb ſhall bleat.
The fates, when they this happy web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years to ready honours move,
O of coeleſtial ſeed, O foſter-ſon of Jove!
See lab'ring nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main;
See to their baſe reſtor'd, earth, ſeas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To ſing thy praiſe wou'd heav'n my breath prolong,
Infuſing ſpirits worthy ſuch a ſong;
Nor Thracian Orpheus ſhould tranſcend my lays,
Nor Linus crown'd with never-fading bays:
Though each his heav'nly parent ſhou'd inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the voice, and Phoebus tune the lyre.
Shou'd Pan contend in verſe, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges ſhou'd their god condemn.
Begin, auſpicious boy, to caſt about
Thy infant eyes, and with a ſmile thy mother ſingle out;
Thy mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous qualms of ten long months and travel to

Then ſmile; the frowning infant's doom is read;
No god ſhall crown the board, nor goddeſs bleſs the bed.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL: OR, DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis; who is ſuppoſed by the beſt critics to repreſent Julius Caeſar. Mopſus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity: The whole eclogue conſiſting of an elegy and an apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And ſince my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why ſit we not beneath the grateful ſhade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOP. Whether you pleaſe that ſylvan ſcene to take,
Where whiſtling winds uncertain ſhadows make:
Or will you to the cooler cave ſucceed,
Whoſe mouth the curling vines have overſpread?

MEN. Your merit and your years command the choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOP. What will not that preſuming ſhepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phoebus may compare?
MEN. Begin you firſt; if either Alcon's praiſe,
Or dying Phyllis have inſpired your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend;
Begin, and Tityrus your flock ſhall tend.
MOP. Or ſhall I rather the ſad verſe repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:
I writ, and ſung betwixt; now bring the ſwain
Whoſe voice you boaſt, and let him try the ſtrain.
MEN. Such as the ſhrubs to the tall olive ſhows,
Or the pale ſallow to the bluſhing roſe;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in ſweetneſs and in height.
MOP. No more, but ſit and hear the promis'd lay;
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day:
The nymphs about the breathleſs body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witneſs to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haſte,
Came running, and his lifeleſs limbs embrac'd:
She ſigh'd, ſhe ſobb'd; and, furious with deſpair,
She rent her garments, and ſhe tore her hair:
Accuſing all the gods and ev'ry ſtar.
The ſwains forgot their ſheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirſty cattle, of themſelves, abſtain'd
From water, and their graſſy fare diſdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore;
They caſt the ſound to Lybia's deſart ſhore;
The Lybian lions hear, and hearing roar.

Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
And firſt with curling ivy dreſs'd the ſpear:
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus firſt ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;
So bright a ſplendor, ſo divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis caſt on his illuſtrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains forſook:
Pales no longer ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain:
No fruitful crop the ſickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choak the riſing corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burs and thorns diſgrace the ground.
Come, ſhepherds, come, and ſtrow with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypreſs boughs the cryſtal fountains hide,
And ſoftly let the running waters glide;
A laſting monument to Daphnis raiſe;
With this inſcription to record his praiſe:
Daphnis, the fields delight, the ſhepherds love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above;
Whoſe flock excell'd the faireſt on the plains,
But leſs than he himſelf ſurpaſs'd the ſwains.

MEN. Oh heav'nly poet! ſuch thy verſe appears,
So ſweet, ſo charming to my raviſh'd ears,
As to the weary ſwain, with cares oppreſs'd,
Beneath the ſylvan ſhade, refreſhing reſt:
As to the feveriſh traveller, when firſt
He finds a cryſtal ſtream to quench his thirſt.

In ſinging, as in piping, you excel;
And ſcarce your maſter could perform ſo well.
O fortunate young man, at leaſt your lays
Are next to his, and claim the ſecond praiſe.
Such as they are, my rural ſongs I join,
To raiſe our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine;
For Daphnis was ſo good to love whate'er was mine.

MOP. How is my ſoul with ſuch a promiſe rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd;
And Stimichon has often made me long,
To hear, like him, ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a ſong.

MEN. Daphnis, the gueſt of heav'n, with wond'ring eyes,
Views in the milky way the ſtarry ſkies:
And far beneath him, from the ſhining ſphere,
Beholds the moving clouds and rolling year.
For this, with chearful cries the woods reſound;
The purple ſpring arrays the various ground:
The nymphs and ſhepherds dance, and Pan himſelf is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly ſpoils,
Nor birds the ſpringes fear, nor ſtags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above; and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
The mountain tops unſhorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly ſhrubs partake of human voice.
Aſſenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and ſalutes the new admitted god.
Be ſtill propitious, ever good to thine:
Behold four hallow'd altars we deſign;
And two to thee, and two to Phoebus riſe;
On both are offer'd annual ſacrifice.

The holy prieſts, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil ſhall bear;
And I myſelf the gueſts with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with ſparkling wine,
The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine;
Theſe will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter ſhall the genial feaſt be made
Before the fire; by ſummer in the ſhade.
Damoetas ſhall perform the rites divine;
And Lyctian Ægon in the ſong ſhall join.
Alpheſiboeus, tripping, ſhall advance,
And mimic ſatyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we ſurvey:
While ſavage boars delight in ſhady woods,
And finny fiſh inhabit in the floods;
While bees on thyme, and locuſts feed on dew,
Thy grateful ſwains theſe honours ſhall renew.
Such honours as we pay to pow'rs divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, ſhall be thine.
Such annual honours ſhall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear, and ſhalt condemn thy ſuppliants to their vow.

MOP. What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find!
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind,
That play through trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murm'ring billows on the ſounding ſhore;
Nor winding ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And the ſcarce cover'd pebles gently chide.

MEN. Receive you firſt this tuneful pipe; the ſame
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame,

The ſame that ſung Neaera's conqu'ring eyes;
And, had the judge been juſt, had won the prize.

MOP. Accept from me this ſheep-hook in exchange,
The handle braſs; the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kiſſes, often try'd
To beg this preſent, in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuſe, to his requeſt,
Is yours unaſk'd, for you deſerve it beſt.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL; OR, SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TWO young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this paſtoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong; in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing transformations which have happened in nature ſince her birth. This paſtoral was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I Firſt transferr'd to Rome Sicilian ſtrains:
Nor bluſh'd the Doric muſe to dwell on Mantuan plains.
But when I try'd her tender voice, too young;
And fighting kings, and bloody battles ſung,
Apollo check'd my pride; and bade me feed
My fat'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admoniſh'd thus, while ev'ry pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus, and thy wars,
My paſt'ral Muſe her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninſpir'd ſhe ſings.
For all who read, and reading, not diſdain
Theſe rural poems, and their lowly ſtrain,
The name of Varus, oft inſcrib'd ſhall ſee,
In ev'ry grove, and ev'ry vocal tree;
And all the ſylvan reign ſhall ſing of thee:
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muſes known,
Shall in the front of ev'ry page be ſhown:
For he who ſings thy praiſe, ſecures his own.
Proceed, my Muſe: Two ſatyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, their ſire Silenus found.
Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark abode;
And ſeiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His roſy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty can, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unſtring, and bind his hands:
For by the fraudful god deluded long,
They now reſolve to have their promis'd ſong;

Ægle came in, to make their party good,
The fairest Nais of the neighb'ring flood;
And, while he stares around with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas impudence to find
A sleeping god: 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.
He rais'd his voice; and soon a num'rous throng
Of tripping satyrs crowded to the song;
And sylvan fauns, and savage beasts advanc'd,
And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
Not by Haemonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phoebus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper silence, or with more regard.
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void; and, in their fall,
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
And a new sun to the new world arose:
And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the savage race;
Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopl'd place.
From thence the birth of man the song pursu'd;
And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.

The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage.
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;
With whoſe repeated name the ſhores reſound.
Then mourns the madneſs of the Cretan queen;
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, ſeiz'd thy breaſt!
The maids of Argos, (though with rage poſſeſs'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet ſhunn'd the guilt of thy prepoſt'rous love.
Nor ſought the youthful huſband of the herd,
Tho' lab'ring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
And felt for budding horns on their ſmooth fore-
heads rear'd.
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathleſs wood;
While on a flow'ry bank he chaws the cud;
Or ſleeps in ſhades, or through the foreſt roves;
And roars with anguiſh for his abſent loves.
Ye nymphs, with toils his foreſt-walk ſurround,
And trace his wand'ring footſteps on the ground.
But, ah! perhaps my paſſion he diſdains;
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We ſearch th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
While they at home ſuſtain his happy load.
He ſung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the ſex, betray'd.
The ſiſters mourning for their brother's loſs,
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moſs;
How each a riſing alder now appears;
And o'er the Po diſtils her gummy tears.
Then ſung how Gallus, by a Muſe's hand,
Was led and welcom'd to the ſacred ſtrand.

The ſenate riſing to ſalute their gueſt;
And Linus thus their gratitude expreſs'd:
Receive this preſent, by the Muſes made;
The pipe on which th' Aſcraean paſtor play'd:
With which of old he charm'd the ſavage train,
And call'd the mountain-aſhes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phoebus; and the wood
Where once his ſane of Parian marble ſtood:
On this his antient oracles rehearſe;
And with new numbers grace the god of verſe.
Why ſhould I ſing the double Scylla's fate,
The firſt by love transform'd, the laſt by hate;
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts.
What vengeance on the paſſing fleet ſhe pour'd,
The maſter frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then raviſh'd Philomel the ſong expreſt;
The crime reveal'd; the ſiſters cruel feaſt;
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
While Progne makes on chimney tops her moan;
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever ſongs beſides, the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels and the Spartan flood,
Silenus ſung; the vales his voice rebound;
And carry to the ſkies the ſacred ſound.
And now the ſetting ſun had warn'd the ſwain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet ſtill th' unweary'd ſire purſues the tuneful ſtrain.
Till unperceiv'd the heav'ns with ſtars were hung:
And ſudden night ſurpriz'd the yet unfiniſh'd ſong.

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL; OR, MELIBOEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MELIBOEUS here gives us the relation of a ſharp poetical conteſt between Thyrſis and Corydon; at which he himſelf and Daphnis were preſent; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm repair'd two jolly ſwains;
Their ſheep and goats together graz'd the plains.
Both young Arcadians, both alike inſpir'd
To ſing, and anſwer as the ſong requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle ſeat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd; he, ſmiling, ſaid,
Diſmiſs your fear, and pointed where he fed.
And, if no greater cares diſturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At wat'ring time will ſeek the neighb'ring ford.

Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And ſhades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And ſee from yon old oak, that mates the ſkies,
How black the clouds of ſwarming bees ariſe.
What ſhou'd I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor abſent Phyllis cou'd my care ſupply,
To houſe, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the ſtrutting udders of their dams?
Great was the ſtrife betwixt the ſinging ſwains;
And I preferr'd my pleaſure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions choſe,
Theſe Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrſis thoſe.

COR. Ye Muſes, ever fair, and ever young,
Aſſiſt my numbers, and inſpire my ſong.
With all my Codrus O inſpire my breaſt!
For Codrus after Phoebus ſings the beſt.
Or if my wiſhes have preſum'd too high,
And ſtretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praiſe of artful numbers I reſign:
And hang my pipe upon the ſacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian ſwains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy-wreaths; tho' ſurly Codrus frown.
Or if he blaſt my Muſe with envious praiſe,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
Leſt his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Shou'd poiſon, or bewitch my growing ſong.

COR. Theſe branches of a ſtag, this tuſky boar
(The firſt eſſay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy ſhrine;
But ſpeed his hunting with thy pow'r divine;
Thy ſtatue then of Parian ſtone ſhall ſtand;
Thy legs in buſkins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, theſe cakes, (our country fare,)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare:
Becauſe a little garden is thy care.
But if the falling lambs increaſe my fold,
Thy marble ſtatue ſhall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy ſilver feet,
O, whiter than the ſwan, and more than Hybla ſweet!
Tall as the poplar, taper as the bole,
Come charm thy ſhepherd, and reſtore my ſoul:
Come, when my lated ſheep at night return;
And crown the ſilent hours, and ſtop the roſy morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy ſight,
As ſea-weed on the ſhore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and ſo monſtrous let thy ſwain appear,
If one day's abſence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for ſhame: The flock deſerves
No better feeding, while the ſhepherd ſtarves.

COR. Ye moſſy ſprings, inviting eaſy ſleep,
Ye trees, whoſe leafy ſhades thoſe moſſy fountains keep,
Defend my flock, the ſummer heats are near,
And bloſſoms on the ſwelling vines appear.

THYR. With heapy fires our chearful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wint'ry cold,
Than ſtreams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

COR. Our woods, with juniper and cheſnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And laviſh nature laughs, and ſtrows her ſtores around.

But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.
THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor with'ring vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bleſs the plain,
The graſs revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove deſcends in ſhow'rs of kindly rain.
COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phoebus his own bays adorn:
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair,
And while ſhe loves that common wreath to wear;
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle ſhall compare.
THYR. The towring aſh is faireſt in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But if my Lycidas will eaſe my pains,
And often viſit our forſaken plains;
To him the tow'ring aſh ſhall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.
MEL. Theſe rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquiſh'd Thyrſis did in vain contend;
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the ſwains;
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL; OR, PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS paſtoral contains the ſongs of Damon and Alphesiboeus. The firſt of them bewails the loſs of his miſtreſs, and repines at the ſucceſs of his rival Mopſus. The other repeats the charms of ſome enchantreſs, who endeavoured by her ſpells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muſe of two deſpairing ſwains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains;
To which the ſavage lynxes liſt'ning ſtood;
The rivers ſtood on heaps, and ſtop'd the running flood;
The hungry herd their needful food refuſe.
Of two deſpairing ſwains, I ſing the mournful Muſe.
Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finiſh'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coaſt,
Whatever land or ſea thy preſence boaſt;
Is there an hour in fate reſerv'd for me,
To ſing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearſe
Thy lofty tragic ſcenes, thy labour'd verſe;

The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer ſhould behold in me:
Amidſt thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earlieſt Muſe; my lateſt ſhall be thine.
Scarce from the world the ſhades of night withdrew;
Scarce were the flocks refreſh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, ſtretch'd beneath an olive ſhade,
And wildly ſtaring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Againſt the conſcious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid.
Star of the morning, why doſt thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day.
While I my Niſa's perjur'd faith deplore;
Witneſs ye pow'rs, by whom ſhe falſely ſwore!
The gods, alas! are witneſſes in vain;
Yet ſhall my dying breath to heav'n complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrain.
The pines of Maenalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verſe, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain;
Who ſuffer'd not the reeds to riſe in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrain.
Mopſus triumphs; he weds the willing fair;
When ſuch is Niſa's choice, what lover can deſpair!
Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall ſee the hound and hind their thirſt aſſwage
Promiſcuous at the ſpring: Prepare the lights,
O Mopſus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the ſcrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the ſun declines: O happy ſwain!
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrain.

O Niſa! juſtly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom haſt thou taken, whom haſt thou condemn'd!
For him thou haſt refus'd my browzing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my ſhaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon ſighs, and ſings in vain:
While Niſa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrain.
I view'd thee firſt; how fatal was the view!
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew,
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
Then ſcarce the bending branches I could win;
The callow down began to cloath my chin;
I ſaw, I periſh'd; yet indulg'd my pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrain.
I know thee, Love; in deſarts thou wert bred;
And at the dugs of ſavage tigers fed;
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrains.
Relentleſs love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to ſhed;
Love lent the ſword; the mother ſtruck the blow;
Inhuman ſhe; but more inhuman thou.
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrains.
Old doating Nature change thy courſe anew:
And let the trembling lamb the wolf purſue:
Let oaks now glitter with Heſperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alders ſhoot:
Fat amber let the tamariſk diſtill;
And hooting owls contend with ſwans in ſkill:
Hoarſe Tityrus ſtrive with Orpheus in the woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.

Or, oh! let Nature ceaſe; and Chaos reign.
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrain.
Let earth be ſea; and let the 'whelming tide,
The lifeleſs limbs of luckleſs Damon hide:
Farewel, ye ſecret woods, and ſhady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conſcious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plung'd into the main;
Take the laſt preſent of thy dying ſwain.
And ceaſe, my ſilent flute, the ſweet Maenalian ſtrain.
Now take your turns, ye Muſes, to rehearſe
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic-verſe.
Bring running water; bind thoſe altars round
With fillets; and with vervain ſtrow the ground:
Make fat with frankincenſe the ſacred fires;
To re-inflame my Daphnis with deſires.
'Tis done, we want but verſe. Reſtore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.
Pale Phoebe, drawn by verſe from heav'n deſcends:
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulyſſes' friends.
Verſe breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake;
And in the winding caverns ſplits the ſnake:
Verſe fires the frozen veins. Reſtore, my charms,
My lingring Daphnis to my longing arms.
Around his waxen image firſt I wind
Three woolen fillets, of three colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice devoted head,
Which round the ſacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the gods. My charms,
Reſtore my Daphnis to my longing arms.
Knit with three knots the fillets, knit 'em ſtreight;
And ſay, theſe knots to love I conſecrate.

Haſte, Amaryllis, haſte: Reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire conſumes away;
Such let the ſoul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the reſt of women, ſoft to me.
Crumble the ſacred mole of ſalt and corn;
Next in the fire the bays with brimſtone burn.
And while it crackles in the ſulphur, ſay,
This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Dapnis burn away.
This laurel is his fate: Reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with deſire, purſues her wand'ring love;
Faint at the laſt, ſhe ſeeks the weedy pools,
To quench her thirſt, and on the ruſhes rowls;
Careleſs of night, unmindful to return:
Such fruitleſs fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I ſo ſcorn his love: Reſtore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.
Theſe garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threſhold I beſtow;
Theſe pawns, O ſacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As theſe were his, ſo mine is he. My charms,
Reſtore their ling'ring lord to my deluded arms.
Theſe pois'nous plants for magic uſe deſign'd,
(The nobleſt and the beſt of all the baneful kind,)
Old Moeris brought me from the Pontic ſtrand:
And cull'd the miſchief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with theſe powerful juices, on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:

And oft the mighty necromancer boaſts,
With theſe, to call from tombs the ſtalking ghoſts:
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding corn;
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant fields is born.
Such is the ſtrength of ſpells. Reſtore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Bear out theſe aſhes; caſt 'em in the brook;
Caſt backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither gods, nor godlike verſe can move,
Break out ye ſmother'd fires, and kindle ſmother'd love.
Exert your utmoſt pow'r, my ling'ring charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

See, while my laſt endeavours I delay,
The waking aſhes riſe, and round our altars play!
Run to the threſhold, Amaryllis, hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heav'n! may lovers what they wiſh believe;
Or dream their wiſhes, and thoſe dreams deceive!
No more; my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps to my deſiring arms.

THE NINTH PASTORAL; OR, LYCIDAS AND MOERIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHEN Virgil, by the favour of Auguſtus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by Arius the centurion, to whom thoſe lands were aſſigned by the emperor, in reward of his ſervice againſt Brutus and Caſſius. This paſtoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard uſage; and the perſons introduced, are the bailif of Virgil, Moeris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO Moeris! whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas, at laſt
The time is come I never thought to ſee
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)
When the grim captain in a ſurly tone
Cries out, Pack up ye raſcals, and begone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd;
And theſe two kids, t' appeaſe his angry mood,
I bear, of which the furies give him good.

LYC. Your country-friends were told another tale;
That from the ſloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his fortune with a ſong.

MOER. Such was the news, indeed, but ſongs and rhymes
Prevail as much in theſe hard iron-times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that riſe
Againſt an eagle ſouſing from the ſkies.
And had not Phoebus warn'd me by the croak
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To ſhun debate, Menalcas had been ſlain,
And Moeris not ſurviv'd him, to complain.

LYC. Now heav'n defend! cou'd barb'rous rage induce
The brutal ſon of Mars t' inſult the ſacred Muſe!
Who then ſhou'd ſing the nymphs, or who rehearſe
The waters gliding in a ſmoother verſe!
Or Amaryllis' praiſe, that heav'nly lay,
That ſhorten'd as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and ſee them fed;
To morning-paſtures, evening-waters led:
And 'ware the Lybian ridgil's butting head.

MOER. Or what unfiniſh'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder pow'rs
Preſerve our plains and ſhield the Mantuan tow'rs,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighb'ring crime,)
The wings of ſwans, and ſtronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

LYC. Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd;
So may thy ſwarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags diſtend;
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.

Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At leaſt the ſhepherds ſeem to like my lays;
But I diſcern their flatt'ry from their praiſe:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare aſpire;
But gabble like a gooſe, amidſt the ſwan-like quire.

MOER. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are they verſes of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the ſeas forſake; [make?
What pleaſures can the tides with their hoarſe murmurs
See, on the ſhore inhabits purple ſpring;
Where nightingales their love-ſick ditty ſing;
See, meads with purling ſtreams, with flow'rs the ground,
The grotto's cool, with ſhady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
Come then and leave the wave's tumultuous roar,
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the ſhore.

LYC. Or that ſweet ſong I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.

MOER. Why, Daphnis, doſt thou ſearch in old records,
To know the ſeaſons when the ſtars ariſe? [records,
See Caeſar's lamp is lighted in the ſkies:
The ſtar, whoſe rays the bluſhing grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly rip'ning ears of corn,
Under this influence graft the tender ſhoot;
Thy children's children ſhall enjoy the fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my ſoul to rhyme:

I cou'd have once ſung down a ſummer's ſun,
But now the chime of poetry is done:
My voice grows hoarſe; I feel the notes decay
As if the wolves had ſeen me firſt to-day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

LYC. Thy faint excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the waves rowl ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſh'd winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful ſong they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern Bianor's tomb.
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:
Or, if ere night the gath'ring clouds we fear,
A ſong will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.

MOER. Ceaſe to requeſt me, let us mind our way;
Another ſong requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL; OR, GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

GALLUS a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Citheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forſaken him for the company of a ſoldier. The poet therefore ſuppoſes his friend Gallus retir'd in his heighth of melancholy into the ſolitudes of Arcadia, (the celebrated ſcene of paſtorals;) where he repreſents him in a very languiſhing condition, with all the rural deities about him, pitying his hard uſage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY ſacred ſuccour, Arethuſa, bring,
To crown my labour; 'tis the laſt I ſing;
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view:
The Muſe is mournful, tho' the numbers few.
Refuſe me not a verſe to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy ſilver ſtreams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny ſeas, ſecurely glide.
Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeleſs vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browze.

The vocal grove ſhall anſwer to the ſound,
And Echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
What lawns or woods with-held you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Not ſteepy Pindus cou'd retard your courſe,
Nor cleft Parnaſſus, nor th' Aonian ſource;
Nothing that owns the Muſes cou'd ſuſpend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel ſtands in tears;
And hung with humid pearls the lowly ſhrub appears.
Maenalian pines the godlike ſwain bemoan;
When ſpread beneath a rock he ſigh'd alone;
And cold Lycaeus wept from every dropping ſtone.
The ſheep ſurround their ſhepherd, as he lies:
Bluſh not, ſweet poet, nor the name deſpiſe:
Along the ſtreams his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty bleſt his bed.
The ſwains and tardy neat-herds came, and laſt
Menalcas, wet with beating winter-maſt.
Wond'ring, they aſk'd from whence aroſe thy flame;
Yet, more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Fluſh'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
Is ſhe thy care, is ſhe thy care, he cries?
Thy falſe Lycoris flies thy love and thee;
And for thy rival tempts the raging ſea,
The forms of horrid war, and heav'n's inclemency.
Sylvanus came: His brows a country-crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lillies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too,
His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.

Why, Gallus, this immod'rate grief, he cry'd:
Think'ſt thou that love with tears is ſatisfy'd?
The meads are ſooner drunk with morning-dews;
The bees with flow'ry ſhrubs, the goats with browze.
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then theſe broken words return'd.
'Tis paſt; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian ſwains, ſhall ſing my grief:
And on your hills my laſt complaints renew;
So ſad a ſong is only worthy you.
How light wou'd lie the turf upon my breaſt,
If you my ſuff'rings in your ſongs expreſt?
Ah! that your birth and bus'neſs had been mine,
To penn the ſheep, and preſs the ſwelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,
Or any nymph, or ſhepherd on the plain,
Tho' Phyllis brown, tho' black Amyntas were,
Are violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?
Beneath the ſallows, and the ſhady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And ſoft Amyntas ſung away my care.
Come, ſee what pleaſures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half ſo true,
Here cou'd I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am ſent afar,
And ſtrive in winter-camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I ſhou'd find it ſo!)
To ſhun my ſight, your native ſoil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal ſnow.

Ye froſts and ſnows, her tender body ſpare,
Thoſe are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deſarts are my choice;
The Muſes, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I ſing, forſaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves ſhall echo to my moan.
The rind of ev'ry plant her name ſhall know;
And as the rind extends, the love ſhall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chaſe
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the ſavage race.
Nor cold ſhall hinder me, with horns and hounds,
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er ſteepy rocks I go: [an bow:
And ruſh through ſounding woods, and bend the Parthi-
As if with ſports my ſufferings I could eaſe,
Or by my pains the god of love appeaſe.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain-tops to chaſe the tuſky boar;
No game but hopeleſs love my thoughts purſue: [adieu.
Once more ye nymphs, and ſongs, and ſounding woods
Love alters not for us his hard decrees;
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
Or Italy's indulgent heav'n forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian ſnow.
Or when the barks of elms are ſcorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Lybian ſheep.
In hell, and earth, and ſeas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to love.
My Muſes, here your ſacred raptures end:
The verſe was what I ow'd my ſuff'ring friend.
This while I ſung, my ſorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending oſiers into baſkets weav'd.

The ſong, becauſe inſpir'd by you, ſhall ſhine:
And Gallus will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and ev'ry moment riſe in view;
As alders, in the ſpring, their boles extend;
And heave ſo fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us riſe, for hoarſeneſs oft invades
The ſinger's voice, who ſings beneath the ſhades.
From junipers unwholſome dews diſtill,
That blaſt the footy corn; the with'ring herbage kill;
Away, my goats, away; for you have browz'd your fill.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: And, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them. Instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Caesar's death. And shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harveſt, when to turn
The fruitful ſoil, and when to ſow the corn;
The care of ſheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raiſe on elms the teeming vine:
The birth and genius of the frugal bee:
I ſing, Maecenas, and I ſing to thee.
Ye deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the ſeaſons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and foſt'ring Ceres, pow'rs divine,
Who gave us corn for maſt, for water wine:
Ye Fauns, propitious to the rural ſwains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful ſuccour, for your gifts I ſing.
And thou, whoſe trident ſtruck the teeming earth,
And made a paſſage for the courſer's birth.
And thou, for whom the Caean ſhore ſuſtains
Thy milky herds, that graze the flow'ry plains.
And thou, the ſhepherd's tutelary god,
Leave, for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my ſong repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fat'ning oil,
The founder of the plough and ploughman's toil,
And thou, whoſe hands the ſhrewd-like cypreſs rear;
Come all ye gods and goddeſſes, that wear
The rural honours, and increaſe the year.
You, who ſupply the ground with ſeeds of grain;
And you, who ſwell thoſe ſeeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whoſe undetermin'd ſtate
Is yet the buſineſs of the gods debate:

Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and ſeaſons to preſide,
And the round circuit of the year to guide;
Pow'rful of bleſſings, which thou ſtrew'ſt around,
And with thy goddeſs mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Caeſar, chuſe the wat'ry reign,
To ſmooth the ſurges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in ſtorms, to thee ſhall pray,
Ev'n utmoſt Thule ſhall thy pow'r obey;
And Neptune ſhall reſign the faſces of the ſea.
The wat'ry virgins for thy bed ſhall ſtrive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bleſs our ſummers with thy rays,
And, ſeated near the Balance, poiſe the days:
Where in the void of heav'n a ſpace is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heav'n thou ſhalt obtain,
For let not hell preſume of ſuch a reign;
Nor let ſo dire a thirſt of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above;
Though Greece admires Elyſium's bleſs'd retreat,
Though Proſerpine affects her ſilent ſeat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to thoſe above.
But thou, propitious Caeſar, guide my courſe,
And to my bold endeavours add thy force.
Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
Int'reſt thy greatneſs in our mean affairs,
And uſe thyſelf betimes to hear and grant our pray'rs.

While yet the ſpring is young, while earth unbinds,
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern winds;
While mountain-ſnows diſſolve againſt the ſun,
And ſtreams, yet new, from precipices run.
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the ſturdy ſteer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright ſhare is bury'd in the ſoil.
That crop rewards the greedy peaſant's pains,
Which twice the ſun, and twice the cold ſuſtains,
And burſts the crowded barns with more than promis'd grains.
But ere we ſtir the yet unbroken ground,
The various courſe of ſeaſons muſt be found;
The weather, and the ſetting of the winds,
The culture ſuiting to the ſev'ral kinds
Of ſeeds and plants; and what will thrive and riſe,
And what the genius of the ſoil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres ſuits:
That other loads the trees with happy fruits.
A fourth with graſs, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow ſafforn crown'd:
India black ebon and white ivory bears:
And ſoft Idume weeps her od'rous tears.
Thus Pontus ſends her beaver-ſtones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper ſteel for war.
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds,
(In hopes of palms), a race of running ſteeds.
This is the orig'nal contract; theſe the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cauſe,
On ſundry places, where Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the deſart world:

Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn;
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn.
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding ſuns may bake the mellow ground.
But if the ſoil be barren, only ſcar
The ſurface, and but lightly print the ſhare,
When cold Arcturus riſes with the ſun:
Leſt wicked weeds the corn ſhould over-run
In wat'ry ſoils; or, leſt the barren ſand
Shou'd ſuck the moiſture from the thirſty land.
Both theſe unhappy ſoils the ſwain forbears,
And keeps a ſabbath of alternate years:
That the ſpent earth may gather heart again;
And, better'd by ceſſation, bear the grain.
At leaſt, where vetches, pulſe, and tares have ſtood,
And ſtalks of lupines grew (a ſtubborn wood:)
Th' enſuing ſeaſon, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year.
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And ſleepy poppies harmful harveſts yield.
But ſweet viciſſitudes of reſt and toil
Make eaſy labour, and renew the ſoil.
Yet ſprinkle ſordid aſhes all around,
And load with fat'ning dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of ſeeds for meagre ſoils is beſt;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at reſt.
Long practice has a ſure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
When the light ſtubble, to the flames reſign'd,
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the wind.

Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with ſecret ſtrength for better birth;
Or when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;
Or that the warmth diſtends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nouriſhment ſhe takes;
Or that the heat the gaping ground conſtrains,
New knits the ſurface, and new ſtrings the veins;
Leſt ſoaking ſhow'rs ſhou'd pierce her ſecret ſeat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat,
Or ſcorching ſuns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit ſmall the peaſant makes,
Who ſmooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
The crumbling clods: Nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye:
Nor his who ploughs acroſs the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds:
For he with frequent exerciſe commands
Th' unwilling ſoil, and tames the ſtubborn lands.

Ye ſwains, invoke the pow'rs who rule the ſky,
For a moiſt ſummer, and a winter dry:
For winter drought rewards the peaſant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Myſia boaſts her harveſts, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When firſt the ſoil receives the fruitful ſeed,
Make no delay, but cover it with ſpeed:
So, fenc'd from cold, the pliant furrows break,
Before the ſurly clod reſiſts the rake;
And call the floods from high to ruſh amain,
With pregnant ſtreams, to ſwell the teeming grain.

Then when the fiery ſuns too fiercely play,
And ſhrivell'd herbs on with'ring ſtems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his wat'ry ſtores; huge torrents flow;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moiſture yield,
Temp'ring the thirſty fever of the field.
And leſt the ſtem, too feeble for the freight,
Shou'd ſcarce ſuſtain the head's unweildy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t'invade
The riſing bulk of the luxuriant blade;
Ere yet th' aſpiring offſpring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the ſtanding waters, when they yield
Too large a bev'rage to the drunken field.
But moſt in autumn, and the ſhow'ry ſpring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring;
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells haſty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with ſlime and mud is cover'd o'er;
Or hollow places ſpue their wat'ry ſtore.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the lab'ring ſteer,
Suſtain alone the hazards of the year:
But glutton geeſe, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops invade the tender grain:
And tow'ring weeds malignant ſhadows yield;
And ſpreading ſucc'ry choaks the riſing field.
The ſire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with eaſe:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exerciſe, with pains, the grudging ſoil.
Himſelf invented firſt the ſhining ſhare,
And whetted human induſtry by care:

Himſelf did handicrafts and arts ordain;
Nor ſuffer'd ſloth to ruſt his active reign.
Ere this, no peaſant vex'd the peaceful ground;
Which only turfs and greens for altars found;
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And ſwell'd with raging ſtorms the peaceful flood;
Commiſſion'd hungry wolves t' infeſt the fold;
And ſhook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
And from the rivers bad the wine retire:
That ſtudious need might uſeful arts explore,
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful ſtore:
And force the veins of claſhing flints t' expire
The lurking ſeeds of their celeſtial fire.
Then firſt on ſeas the hollow'd alder ſwam;
Then ſailors quarter'd heav'n, and found a name
For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wand'ring ſtar,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the northern car.
Then toils for beaſts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did foreſt-walks ſurround:
And caſting nets were ſpread in ſhallow brooks;
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then ſaws were tooth'd, and ſounding axes made;
(For wedges firſt did yielding wood invade:)
And various arts in order did ſucceed;
(What cannot endleſs labour urg'd by need?)
Firſt Ceres taught the ground with grain to ſow,
And arm'd with iron ſhares the crooked plough:

When now Dodonian oaks no more ſupply'd
Their maſt, and trees their foreſt-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubl'd to the ſwain,
And blaſted mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thiſtles choak'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born.
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceleſs gueſts, th' unhappy field ſubdue:
And oats unbleſs'd, and darnel domineers,
And ſhoots its head above the ſhining ears.
So that, unleſs the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war,
Of rakes and harrows, the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
Unleſs the boughs are lopp'd that ſhade the plain,
And heav'n invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And ſhake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor muſt we paſs untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whoſe aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be ſown, and nothing riſe.
The crooked plough, the ſhare, the tow'ring height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
The ſled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying ſail:
Theſe all muſt be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd bleſſing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with early force in copſes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.

Of eight foot long a faſten'd beam prepare,
On either ſide the head produce an ear,
And ſink a ſocket for the ſhining ſhare.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or ſofter linden harden'd in the ſmoke.
I cou'd be long in precepts; but I fear
So mean a ſubject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your threſhing-floor;
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er;
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To ſmooth the ſurface of th' unequal ground:
Leſt, crack'd with ſummer-heats the flooring flies,
Or ſinks, and through the crannies weeds ariſe.
For ſundry foes the rural realm ſurround:
The field-mouſe builds her garner under ground;
For gather'd grain, the blind laborious mole,
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode;
The hiſſing ſerpent, and the ſwelling toad:
The corn-devouring weezle here abides;
And the wiſe ant her wint'ry ſtore provides.
Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood;
If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will anſwer to the ſylvan reign;
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'erſhade the tree,
Such and ſo barren will thy harveſt be:
In vain the hind ſhall vex the threſhing-floor,
For empty chaff and ſtraw will be thy ſtore.
Some ſteep their ſeed, and ſome in cauldrons boil,
With vig'rous nitre, and with lees of oil,

O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant juice to drain,
And ſwell the flatt'ring huſks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the ſucceſs for years aſſur'd,
Though choſen is the ſeed, and fully cur'd;
Unleſs the peaſant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largeſt grain.
Thus all below, whether by nature's curſe,
Or fate's decree, degen'rate ſtill to worſe.
So the boats brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive.
Nor muſt the ploughman leſs obſerve the ſkies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus riſe,
Than ſailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Thro' Helle's ſtormy ſtreights, and oyſter-breeding ſea.
But when Aſtrea's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the ſky,
Then yoke your oxen, ſow your winter grain;
'Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Lineſeed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry ſeaſon, and prevent the ſtorm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten ſoil,
And millet riſing from your annual toil;
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
And Argos and the Dog forſake the northern ſphere.
But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her ſiſters firſt deſcend,
And the bright Gnoſſian diadem downward bend,
Before you truſt in earth your future hope;
Or elſe expect a liſtleſs lazy crop.

Some ſwains have ſown before, but moſt have found
A huſky harveſt from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you ſow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean?
Begin when the Slow Waggoner deſcends,
Nor ceaſe your ſowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, thro' twelve bright ſigns Apollo guides
The year, and earth in ſeveral climes divides.
Five girdles bind the ſkies; the torrid zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing ſun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heav'n,
To froſts and ſnows, and bitter blaſts are giv'n.
Betwixt the midſt and theſe, the gods aſſign'd
Two habitable ſeats of human kind:
And croſs their limits cut a ſloping way,
Which the twelve ſigns in beauteous order ſway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one ſeen to riſe
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Lybian ſkies.
The firſt ſublime in heav'n, the laſt is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the ſpiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding ſtream the Bears divides,
The leſs and greater, who by fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the ſouthern ſea:
There, as they ſay, perpetual night is found
In ſilence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern ſphere,
She lights the downward heav'n, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breathes the living light,
Red veſper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain ſeaſons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to ſow:

Or when to fell the furzes, when 'tis meet
To ſpread the flying canvaſs for the fleet.
Obſerve what ſtars ariſe or diſappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continu'd rain,
The lab'ring huſband in his houſe reſtrain:
Let him forecaſt his work with timely care,
Which elſe is huddl'd when the ſkies are fair:
Then let him mark the ſheep, or whet the ſhining ſhare,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His ſacks, or meaſure his increaſing ſtore:
Or ſharpen ſtakes, or head the forks, or twine
The ſallow twigs to tie the ſtraggling vine:
Or wicker-baſkets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can reſtrain
From neceſſary works, the lab'ring ſwain.
Ev'n holidays and feaſts permiſſion yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, ſnare the birds, and ſteep
In wholſome water-falls the woolly ſheep.
And oft the drudging aſs is driv'n, with toil,
To neighb'ring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour chuſe: The fifth be ſure to ſhun;
That gave the furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, againſt the ſkies, the ſons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they ſtrove
To ſcale the ſteepy battlements of Jove:

And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demoliſh'd works in ruin laid.
The ſev'nth is, next the tenth, the beſt to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then weavers ſtretch your ſtays upon the weft:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done;
Or when the morning dew prevents the ſun.
Parch'd meads and ſtubble mow by Phœbe's light;
Which both require the coolneſs of the night:
For moiſture then abounds, and pearly rains
Deſcend in ſilence to refreſh the plains.
The wife and huſband equally conſpire,
To work by night, and rake the winter-fire:
He ſharpens torches in the glimm'ring room,
She ſhoots the flying ſhuttle through the loom:
Or boils in kettles muſt of wine, and ſkims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She ſings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the ſkies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year:
And in the ſun your golden grain diſplay,
And threſh it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, ſwain, and naked ſow the land,
For lazy winter numbs the lab'ring hand.
In genial winter, ſwains enjoy their ſtore,
Forget their hardſhips, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends;
And what he got with pains, with pleaſure ſpends.
So ſailors, when eſcap'd from ſtormy ſeas,
Firſt crown their veſſels, then indulge their eaſe.

Yet that's the proper time to threſh the wood
For maſt of oak, your fathers homely food;
To gather laurel-berries, and the ſpoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to preſs your oil.
For ſtalking cranes to ſet the guileful ſnare,
T' incloſe the ſtags in toils, and hunt the hare;
With Balearic ſlings, or Gnoſſian bow,
To proſecute from far the flying doe.
Then, when the fleecy ſkies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of ruſtling ice come rolling down the flood.
Now ſing we ſtormy ſtars, when autumn weigh
The year, and adds to nights, and ſhortens days;
And ſuns declining ſhine with feeble rays:
What cares muſt then attend the toiling ſwain;
Or when the low'ring ſpring, with laviſh rain,
Beats down the ſlender ſtem and bearded grain:
While yet the head is green, or lightly ſwell'd
With milky moiſture, overlooks the field.
Ev'n when the farmer, now ſecure of fear,
Sends in the ſwains to ſpoil the finiſh'd year;
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden ſheafs in brittle bands;
Oft have I ſeen a ſudden ſtorm ariſe,
From all the warring winds that ſweep the ſkies:
The heavy harveſt from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter ſtubble born;
With ſuch a force, the flying rack is driv'n;
And ſuch a winter wears the face of heav'n:
And oft whole ſheets deſcend of fluicy rain,
Suck'd by the ſpongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty ſkies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.

The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring ſound
The riſing rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling ſeas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory ſhrowds,
Involv'd in tempeſts, and a night of clouds,
And from the middle darkneſs flaſhing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beaſts in foreſts ſeek abode:
Deep horror ſeizes ev'ry human breaſt;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confeſs'd.
While he from high his rowling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows,
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.
In fear of this, obſerve the ſtarry ſigns,
Where Saturn houſes, and where Hermes joins.
But firſt to heav'n thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
Awake the ſpring, and ſpring awakes the flow'rs,
On the green turf thy careleſs limbs diſplay,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleaſing ſhades are crown'd,
And ſleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken ground:
With milder beams the ſun ſecurely ſhines;
Fat are the lambs, and luſcious are the wines.
Let ev'ry ſwain adore her pow'r divine,
And milk and honey mix with ſparkling wine:

Let all the choir of clowns attend the ſhow,
In long proceſſion, ſhouting as they go;
Invoking her to bleſs their yearly ſtores,
Inviting plenty to their crouded floors.
Thus in the ſpring, and thus in ſummer's heat,
Before the ſickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the lab'ring hind
With oaken wreaths his holy temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praiſe,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain ſigns we may preſage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The ſov'reign of the heav'ns has ſet on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the ſky:
When ſouthern blaſts ſhou'd ceaſe, and when the ſwain
Shou'd near their folds his feeding flocks reſtrain.
For, e'er the riſing winds begin to roar,
The working ſeas advance to waſh the ſhore:
Soft whiſpers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whiſtle to the murm'ring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows ſcarce abſtain
From the toſs'd veſſel on the troubled main:
When crying cormorants forſake the ſea,
And ſtretching to the covert wing their way:
When ſportful coots run ſkimming o'er the ſtrand;
When watchful herons leave their watry ſtand,
And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the ſkies, and ſoar above the ſight.
And oft before tempeſt'ous winds ariſe,
The ſeeming ſtars fall headlong from the ſkies;

And, ſhooting through the darkneſs, gild the night
With ſweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and eaſt and weſt engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are cruſh'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And ſailors furl their dropping ſheets amain.
Wet weather ſeldom hurts the moſt unwiſe;
So plain the ſigns, ſuch prophets are the ſkies.
The wary crane foreſees it firſt, and ſails
Above the ſtorm, and leaves the lowly vales.
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heav'n, and ſnuffs it in the wind.
The ſwallow ſkims the river's wat'ry face:
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
The careful ant her ſecret cell forſakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Huge flocks of riſing rooks foreſake their food,
And, crying, ſeek the ſhelter of the wood.
Beſides, the ſev'ral ſorts of wat'ry fowls,
That ſwim the ſeas, or haunt the ſtanding pools:
The ſwans that ſail along the ſilver flood,
And dive with ſtretching necks to ſearch their food,
Then lave their backs with ſprinkling dews in vain,
And ſtem the ſtream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow with clam'rous cries the ſhow'r demands,
And ſingle ſtalks along the deſart ſands.

The nightly virgin, while her wheel ſhe plies,
Foreſees the ſtorm impending in the ſkies,
When ſparkling lamps their ſputt'ring light advance,
And in the ſockets oily bubbles dance.
Then after ſhow'rs, 'tis eaſy to deſcry
Returning ſuns, and a ſerener ſky:
The ſtars ſhine ſmarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her ſharpen'd horns.
The filmy goſſamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons baſk on the ſhort ſunny ſhore:
Their litter is not toſs'd by ſows unclean;
But a blue droughty miſt deſcends upon the plain:
And owls, that mark the ſetting ſun, declare
A ſtar-light evening, and a morning fair.
Tow'ring aloft, avenging Niſus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Niſus follows, and purſues his prey.
Where injur'd Niſus takes his airy courſe,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and ſhuns his force.
This puniſhment purſues th' unhappy maid;
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the ſettled fair.
Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the ſun; and ſeiz'd with ſecret joy,
When ſtorms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forſaken neſts, and callow care.
Not that I think their breaſts with heav'nly ſouls
Inſpir'd, as man, who deſtiny controuls.
But with the changeful temper of the ſkies,
As rains condenſe, and ſun-ſhine rarifies;

So turn the ſpecies in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and diſcompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice:
From hence the cows exult, and friſking lambs rejoice.
Obſerve the daily circle of the ſun,
And the ſhort year of each revolving moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day;
Nor ſhall a ſtarry night thy hopes betray.
When firſt the moon appears, if then ſhe ſhrouds
Her ſilver creſcent, tip'd with ſable clouds;
Conclude ſhe bodes a tempeſt on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery fluſhings glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the ſureſt ſign,)
With ſharpen'd horns if glorious then ſhe ſhine:
Next day, nor only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempeſts, both by land and ſea,
And ſailors in their port their promis'd vow ſhall pay.
Above the reſt, the ſun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the ſkies:
For if he riſe, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brows, and ſpots upon his face;
Or if thro' miſts he ſhoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams;
Suſpect a driſling day, with ſouthern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale ſickly cheek, ſalute the ſkies;

How ſhall the vine, with tender leaves defend
Her teeming cluſters, when the ſtorms deſcend;
When ridgy roofs and tiles can ſcarce avail,
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But more than all, the ſetting ſun ſurvey,
When down the ſteep of heav'n he drives the day.
For oft we find him finiſhing his race,
With various colours erring on his face;
If fiery red his glowing globe deſcends,
High winds and furious tempeſts he portends.
But if his checks are ſwoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue.
If duſky ſpots are vary'd on his brow,
And, ſtreak'd with red, a troubl'd colour ſhow;
That ſullen mixture ſhall at once declare
Winds, rain, and ſtorms, and elemental war.
What deſp'rate madman then wou'd venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the ſhore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heav'n reſigns to quiet night;
No riſing winds, or falling ſtorms, are nigh:
But northern breezes through the foreſt fly:
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffl'd ſky.
Th' unerring ſun by certain ſigns declares,
What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:
And when the ſouth projects a ſtormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
The ſun reveals the ſecrets of the ſky;
And who dares give the ſource of light the lye?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treaſons, open wars.

He firſt the fate of Caeſar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Caeſar fell;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light:
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone;
Nature herſelf ſtood forth, and ſeconded the ſun:
Earth, air, and ſeas, with prodigies were ſign'd,
And birds obſcene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German ſkies afar,
Of arms and armies ruſhing to the war?
Dire earthquakes rent the ſolid Alps below,
And from their ſummits ſhook th' eternal ſnow.
Pale ſpectres in the cloſe of night were ſeen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In ſilent groves dumb ſheep and oxen ſpoke,
And ſtreams ran backward, and their beds forſook:
The yawning earth diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell:
The weeping ſtatues did the wars fortel;
And holy ſweat from brazen idols fell.
Then riſing in his might, the king of floods,
Ruſh'd thro' the foreſts, tore the lofty woods;
And rowling onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Blood ſprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the prieſts affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky light'nings flaſh'd from ſuch a ſullen ſky.
Red meteors ran a-croſs th' etherial ſpace;
Stars diſappear'd, and comets took their place.

For this th' Emathian plains once more were ſtrow'd
With Roman bodies, and juſt heav'n thought good
To fatten twice thoſe fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the lab'ring ſwains,
Who turn the turfs of thoſe unhappy plains,
Shall ruſty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets paſs the rake;
Amaz'd at antic titles on the ſtones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.
Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
Thou father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddeſs unmov'd! whoſe guardian arms extend
O'er Tuſcan Tiber's courſe, and Roman tow'rs defend;
With youthful Caeſar your joint pow'rs engage,
Nor hinder him to ſave the ſinking age.
O! let the blood, already ſpilt, atone
For the paſt crimes of curſt Laomedon!
Heav'n wants thee there, and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Caeſar, to the world below.
Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound;
Where impious arms from ev'ry part reſound,
And monſtrous crimes in ev'ry ſhape are crown'd.
The peaceful peaſant to the wars is preſt;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious reſt.
The plain no paſture to the flock affords,
The crooked ſcythes are ſtreighten'd into ſwords:
And there Euphrates her ſoft offspring arms;
And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms:
The neighb'ring cities range on ſev'ral ſides;
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the waſted world in triumph rides.

So four fierce courſers ſtarting to the race,
Scour thro' the plain, and lengthen ev'ry pace;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject of the following book is planting. In handling of which argument, the poet shews all the different methods of raising trees: Describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best; and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil; prescribes rules for the dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country-life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heav'nly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of gen'rous vines:
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.
Great father Bacchus! to my song repair;
For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care:

For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the laſt bleſſings of the year are thine.
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come ſtrip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in muſt of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.
Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe:
For ſome without the pains of planting grow.
With oſiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watry genius of the ground;
From the ſame principles grey willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But ſome from ſeeds inclos'd in earth ariſe:
For thus the maſtful cheſnut mates the ſkies.
Hence riſe the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculouſly ſpoke.
Some from the root a riſing wood diſcloſe;
Thus elms, and thus the ſavage cherry grows.
Thus the green bays, that bind the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is ſhelter'd by the mother's boughs.
Theſe ways of planting Nature did ordain
For trees and ſhrubs, and all the ſylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the ſhoots, and plant in furrow'd ground:
Some cover rooted ſtalks in deeper mold:
Some cloven ſtakes, and (wond'rous to behold,)
Their ſharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race.
Some bow their vines, which bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in diſtant arches riſe again:
Others no root require; the lab'rer cuts
Young ſlips, and in the ſoil ſecurely puts.

Ev'n ſtumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis uſual now, an inmate graff to ſee
With inſolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.
Then let the learned gard'ner mark with care
The kinds of ſtocks, and what thoſe kinds will bear:
Explore the nature of each ſev'ral tree;
And known, improve with artful induſtry:
And let no ſpot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground:
For open Iſmarus will Bacchus pleaſe;
Taburnus loves the ſhade of olive trees.
The virtues of the ſev'ral ſoils I ſing,
Maecenas, now thy needful ſuccour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inſpire thy poet, and thy poem crown:
Embark with me, while I new tracts explore,
With flying ſails and breezes from the ſhore:
Not that my ſong, in ſuch a ſcanty ſpace,
So large a ſubject fully can embrace;
Not tho' I were ſupply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths fill'd with as many tongues:
But ſteer my veſſel with a ſteady hand,
And coaſt along the ſhore in ſight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themſelves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but ſtrongly built, and fair:
Becauſe the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.

Yet theſe, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſavage mind:
Their wildneſs loſe, and quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and diſcipline of art.
The ſame do trees, that, ſprung from barren roots
In open fields tranſplanted bear their fruits:
For where they grow the native energy
Turns all into the ſubſtance of the tree,
Starves and deſtroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren ſhade.
The plant that ſhoots from ſeed, a ſullen tree
At leiſure grows, for late poſterity;
The gen'rous flavour loſt, the fruits decay,
And ſavage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild diſorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well muſt the ground be digg'd, and better dreſs'd,
New ſoil to make, and meliorate the reſt.
Old ſtakes of olive trees in plants revive;
By the ſame methods Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazles, and from ſcions riſe
Tall aſh, and taller oak, that mates the ſkies:
Palm, poplar, fir, deſcending from the ſteep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute hazle graffs receives;
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus maſtful beech the briſtly cheſnut bears;
And the wild aſh is white with blooming pears.
And greedy ſwine from grafted elms are fed,
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the ſtate
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees diſcloſe
Their ſhooting gems, a ſwelling knot there grows;
Juſt in that ſpace a narrow ſlit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inſerted thus, the wounded rind we cloſe,
In whoſe moiſt womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the ſmoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep inciſion in the tree;
And in the ſolid wood the ſlip incloſe;
The bat'ning baſtard ſhoots again, and grows:
And in ſhort ſpace the laden boughs ariſe,
With happy fruit advancing to the ſkies.
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown,
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the ſame ſpecies are of ſev'ral minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have diff'rent forms allow'd;
So fun'ral cypreſs riſing like a ſhrowd.
Fat olive trees of ſundry ſorts appear:
Of ſundry ſhapes their unctuous berries bear;
Radii, long olives, orchit's round produce;
And bitter Pauſia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinous' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamots and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the ſhape,
Or taſte, or flavour of the Leſbian grape.
The Thaſian vines in richer ſoils abound:
The Mareotic grow in barren ground.
The Pſythian grape we dry: Lagaean juice,
Will ſtamm'ring tongues, and ſtagg'ring feet produce.

Rath ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind;
Of golden ſome, and ſome of purple rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the Raethean grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine!
Th' Amminean many a conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanaeus king of Chian growth:
But for large quantities, and laſting both,
The leſs Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, ſacred to the ſolemn day,
In ſecond ſervices is pour'd to Jove;
And beſt accepted by the gods above.
Nor muſt Bumaſtus his old honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the dugs of cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe ev'ry race and name,
And kinds, are leſs material to my theme.
Which who wou'd learn, as ſoon may tell the ſands,
Driv'n by the weſtern wind on Lybian lands:
Or number, when the bluſt'ring Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian ſhores.
Nor ev'ry plant on ev'ry ſoil will grow;
The ſallow loves the watry ground, and low:
The marſhes, alders: Nature ſeems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild aſhe's reign:
The baleful yew to northern blaſts aſſigns;
To ſhores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
Regard th' extremeſt cultivated coaſt,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian froſt:
All ſort of trees their ſev'ral countries know:
Black ebon only will in India grow:
And od'rous frankincenſe on the Sabaean bough.

Balm ſlowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy ſhrubs, in Idumæan plains.
The green Ægyptian thorn, for med'cine good;
With Ethiop's hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell: And how the Seres ſpin
Their fleecy foreſts in a ſlender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian ſhores,
Whoſe height above the feather'd arrow ſoars,
Shot from the tougheſt bough; and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vaſt vigour drawn.
Sharp-taſted citrons Median climes produce;
Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice:
A cordial fruit, a preſent antidote
Againſt the direful ſtepdam's deadly draught:
Who mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans wou'd procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a diff'rent ſcent diſcloſe,
A laurel were: The fragrant flow'rs contemn
The ſtormy winds, tenacious of their ſtem.
With this the Medes, to lab'ring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the fourneſs of the breath.
But neither Median woods (a plenteous land,)
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden ſand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy ſtores Arabia yields;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with ſweat Italy contend in fame.
No bulls whoſe noſtrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of ſerpents here
Were ſown, an armed hoſt, and iron crop to bear.

But fruitful vines and the fat olives freight,
And harveſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the chearful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are ſeen.
The warrion-horſe here bred, is taught to train;
There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain;
Whoſe waves, for triumphs after proſp'rous war,
The victim ox, and ſnowy ſheep prepare.
Perpetual ſpring our happy climate ſees,
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.
Our land is from the land of tigers freed;
Nor nouriſhes the lion's angry ſeed;
Nor pois'nous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in ſo vaſt a length our ſerpents glide,
Or rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry volume ride.
Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour and ſtupenduous frame;
Our forts on ſteepy hills, that far below
See wanton ſtreams in winding valleys flow.
Our twofold ſeas, that waſhing either ſide,
A rich recruit of foreign ſtores provide.
Our ſpacious lakes; thee, Larius, firſt; and, next,
Benacus, with tempeſtuous billows vext.
Or ſhall I praiſe thy ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
Or the diſdainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the ſtructure, and invades the fence.
There, where ſecure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide.

Our quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of ſilver, and for ore of gold.
Th' inhabitants themſelves their country grace;
Hence roſe the Marſian and Sabellian race;
Strong limb'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd;
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.
And Volſcians arm'd with iron-headed darts:
Beſides an offspring of undaunted hearts;
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
And mighty Caeſar, whoſe victorious arms,
To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce alarms;
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.
Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illuſtrious men.
For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſclos'd in antient days:
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcraen verſe in Roman cities ſing.
The nature of their ſev'ral ſoils now ſee,
Their ſtrength, their colour, their fertility:
And, firſt, for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty ſtones abound;
Where the poor ſoil all ſuccour ſeems to want;
Yet this ſuffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted ſigns of ſuch a ſoil are found;
For here wild olive-ſhoots o'erſpread the ground,
And heaps of berries ſtrew the fields around.
But where the ſoil, with fat'ning moiſture fill'd,
Is cloth'd with graſs, and fruitful to be till'd:

Such as in chearful vales we view from high,
Which dripping rocks with rowling ſtreams ſupply,
And feed with ouze; where riſing hillocks run
In length, and open to the ſouthern ſun;
Where fern ſucceeds, ungrateful to the plough,
That gentle ground to gen'rous grapes allow.
Strong ſtocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our prieſts in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the chearful hour,
Then when the bloated Tuſcan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers born.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare:
Then ſeek Tarentum's lawns and fartheſt coaſt,
Or ſuch a field as hapleſs Mantua loſt:
Where ſilver ſwans ſails down the wat'ry road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood.
There cryſtal ſtreams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor ſprings are wanting to thy ſheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below:
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Reſembling nature in an eaſy ſoil.
No land for ſeed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village-lord:
No toiling teams from harveſt-labour come
So late at night, ſo heavy laden home.

The like of foreſt-land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle ſtood.
Then birds forſake the ruins of their ſeat,
And, flying from their neſts, their callow young forget.
The courſe lean gravel, on the mountain ſides,
Scarce dewy bev'rage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling ſtones, the food of ſnakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The ſoil exhaling clouds of ſubtile dews,
Imbibing moiſture which with eaſe ſhe ſpues.
Which ruſts not iron, and whoſe mold is clean,
Well cloth'd with chearful graſs, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aſpiring vines,
Embracing huſband-elms in am'rous twines,
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to ſow,
And equal to the paſture and the plough.
Such is the ſoil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increaſe the land that joins Veſuvius yields;
And ſuch a country could Acerra boaſt,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coaſt.
I teach thee next the diff'ring ſoils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Chuſe firſt a place for ſuch a purpoſe fit,
There dig the ſolid earth, and ſink a pit:
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feat, and tread it in:
Then if it riſe not to the former height
Of ſuperfice, conclude that ſoil is light;
A proper ground for paſturage and vines.
But if the ſullen earth, ſo preſs'd, repines

Within its native manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that aſks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious taſks.
Salt earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd or mended with the plough.
Sweet grapes degen'rate there, and fruits declin'd
From their firſt flav'rous taſte, renounce their kind.
This truth by ſure experiment is try'd;
For firſt an oſier colendar provide
Of twigs thick wrought, (ſuch toiling peaſants twine,
When thro' ſtrait paſſages they ſtrain their wine:)
In this cloſe veſſel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill brimful with wholeſome water firſt;
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taſte diſcloſe the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meagre kind:
Poor ſoil will crumble into duſt, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch.
Moiſt earth produces corn and graſs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land ſo large a promiſe boaſt,
Leſt the lank ears in length of ſtem be loſt.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd;
The lighter in the poiſing hand is weigh'd:
'Tis eaſy to diſtinguiſh by the ſight
The colour of the ſoil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants that proſper there will ſhow;
Black ivy, pitch-trees, and the baleful yew.

Theſe rules conſider'd well, with early care,
The vineyard deſtin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that caſt a riſing mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter-winds, will bake:
For putrid earth will beſt in vineyards take;
And hoary froſts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow ſoil.
Some peaſants, not t' omit the niceſt care,
Of the ſame ſoil their nurſery prepare
With that of their plantation; leſt the tree
Tranſlated, ſhould not with the ſoil agree.
Beſide, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters in the tender bark;
And to the north or ſouth reſtore the ſide,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So ſtrong is cuſtom; ſuch effects can uſe
In tender ſouls of pliant plants produce.
Chuſe next a province, for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or valleys be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In cloſe plantations there: But if the vine
On riſing ground be plac'd, or hills ſupine,
Extend thy looſe battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either ſide:
But marſhall'd all in order as they ſtand,
And let no ſoldier ſtraggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front diſplay,
To try the fortune of ſome doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with ſober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider ſpace;

Before the battle joins, while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars, like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to Fortune, and the dint of ſword.
So let thy vines in intervals be ſet,
But not their rural diſcipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy ſpace,
That their extremeſt lines may ſcarce embrace:
Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleaſant proſpect for the ſight:
But for the ground itſelf, this only way,
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crouded, want the room their branches to diſplay.

How deep they muſt be planted would'ſt thou know?
In ſhallow furrows vines ſecurely grow.
Not ſo the reſt of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful ſov'reignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower ſkies, a bed profound:
High as his topmoſt boughs to heav'n aſcend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows:
For length of ages laſts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal men contend in vain.
Full in the midſt of his own ſtrength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands;
His ſhade protects the plains, his head the hills commands.

The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard ſhun;
Nor plant it to receive the ſetting ſun;

Nor break the topmoſt branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands;
For ſparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often ſcatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after ſpread abroad by raging winds.
For firſt the ſmould'ring flame the trunk receives;
Aſcending thence it crackles in the leaves:
At length victorious to the top aſpires,
Involving all the wood in ſmoaky fires.
But moſt when, driv'n by winds, the flaming ſtorm,
Of the long files deſtroys the beauteous form.
In aſhes then th' unhappy vineyard lies;
Nor will the blaſted plants from ruin riſe:
Nor will the wither'd ſtock be green again;
But the wild olive ſhoots, and ſhades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not ſeduc'd with wiſdom's empty ſhows,
To ſtir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter-froſts conſtrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no ſteady hold.
But when the golden ſpring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom ſerpents fear;
That ſeaſon deem the beſt to plant thy vines:
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter-ſun.

The ſpring adorns the woods, renews the leaves;
The womb of earth the genial ſeed receives.
For then almighty Jove deſcends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful ſhow'rs;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her births with kindly juice, and foſters teeming ſeeds.

Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love:
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound;
The grass securely springs above the ground:
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies;
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail,
Unhurt by southern show'rs, or northern hail:
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share;
And boldly trust their buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heav'n's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, in holidays of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenor of the year:
When laughing heav'n did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wint'ry breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds:
And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
And man's relentless race from stonny quarries rise.
Nor cou'd the tender, new creation bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year:
But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd;
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heav'n's indulgence brooded on the ground.

For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;

And ſhells and gravel in the ground incloſe;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in miſty dews,
And, ſteaming up, the riſing plant renews.
Some huſbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of ſtones above to lay,
And preſs the plants with ſherds of potters clay.
This fence againſt immod'rate rain they found:
Or when the dog-ſtar cleaves the thirſty ground,
Be mindful when thou haſt intomb'd the ſhoot,
With ſtore of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The cruſted earth, and looſen it above.
Then exerciſe thy ſturdy ſteers to plow
Betwixt thy vines, and teach thy feeble row
To mount on reeds, and wands, and, upward led,
On aſhen poles to raiſe their forky head.
On theſe new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, ſwerving upwards, with a ſtronger ſtalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they ſpread
Their ſpringing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they ſhoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurſling ſpare!
Nor exerciſe thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand ſupply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant ſtragglers, nor be loath
To ſtrip the branches of their leafy growth.
But when the rooted vines, with ſteady hold,
Can claſp their elms, then, huſbandman, be bold,

To lop the diſobedient boughs, that ſtray'd
Beyond their ranks: Let crooked ſteel invade
The lawleſs troops, which diſcipline diſclaim;
And their ſuperfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' incroaching cattle from thy ground;
While yet the tender gems but juſt appear,
Unable to ſuſtain th' uncertain year;
Whoſe leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by ſummer ſuns are ſcorch'd away;
And worſe than both, become th' unworthy browze
Of buffalos, ſalt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's froſt that burns the boughs,
Nor dog-days parching heat that ſplits the rocks,
Are half ſo harmful as thy greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite and ſcars indented on the ſtocks.
For the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the ſtreets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and croſſing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad with Bacchus, on the graſſy ſoil,
Leapt o'er the ſkins of goats beſmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhimes expreſs their joy:
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience pleaſe,
Deform'd with vizards cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praiſe the god of wine,
Whoſe earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine.

A madneſs ſo devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow valleys and on riſing hills;
On whate'er ſide he turns his honeſt face,
And dances in the wind, thoſe fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother-tongue reſound his praiſe.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whoſe offer'd intrails ſhall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatneſs from the hazle broach.
To dreſs thy vines new labour is requir'd;
Nor muſt the painful huſbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at leaſt, in compaſs of the year,
Thy vineyard muſt employ the ſturdy ſteer,
To turn the glebe; beſides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the ſurface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That ſuck the vital moiſture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peaſant's pain,
And the year rolls within itſelf again.
Ev'n in the loweſt months, when ſtorms have ſhed
From vines the hairy honours of their head;
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:
Ev'n then the naked vine he perſecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be firſt to dig the ground, be firſt to burn
The branches lopp'd, and firſt the props return
Into thy houſe, that bore the burden'd vines;
But laſt to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;

Hard labour both! commend the large exceſs
Of ſpacious vineyards; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in woods the ſhrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards uſeful found
To ſtay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free;
When huſbands have ſurvey'd the laſt degree,
And utmoſt files of plants, and order'd ev'ry tree;
Ev'n when they ſing at eaſe in full content,
Inſulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet ſtill they find a future taſk remain,
To turn the ſoil, and break the clods again.
And, after all, their joys are unſincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite oppoſite to theſe are olives found;
No dreſſing they require, and dread no wound:
Nor rakes nor harrows need, but, fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The ſoil itſelf due nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the furrows and the fruits ariſe:
Content with ſmall endeavours, till they ſpring.
Soft peace they figure, and ſweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas ſing.

Thus apple-trees, whoſe trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading boughs, exert themſelves in air:
Want no ſupply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting foreign forces, but their own:
'Till, with the ruddy freight, the bending branches groan.

Thus trees of nature, and each common buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries bluſh.
Vile ſhrubs are ſhorn for browze: The tow'ring height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And ſhall we doubt, (indulging eaſy ſloth,)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the ſhepherd, or the ſheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble broom and oſiers have their uſe,
And ſhade for ſleep, and food for flocks produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Beſides the pleaſing proſpect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves? with what delight are ſeen
Narycian woods of pitch, whoſe gloomy ſhade,
Seems for retreat of heav'nly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe fields to ſee,
That need not ploughs nor human induſtry.
Ev'n cold Caucaſean rocks with trees are ſpread,
And wear green foreſts on their hilly head:
Though bending from the blaſt of eaſtern ſtorms,
Though ſhent their leaves, and ſhatter'd are their arms;
Yet heav'n their various plants for uſe deſigns:
For houſes cedars, and for ſhipping pines.
Cypreſs provides for ſpokes and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ſhips that ſcour the wat'ry plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves:
The war from ſtubborn myrtle ſhafts receives:
From cornels jav'lins, and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.

Nor box, nor limes, without their uſe are made;
Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade:
Which curious hands may carve, and ſteel with eaſe invade.
Light alder ſtems the Po's impetuous tide:
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with thoſe gifts, the ſumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noiſe.
Wine urg'd to lawleſs luſt the Centaur's train;
Thro' wine they quarell'd, and thro' wine were ſlain.
Oh happy, if he knew his happy ſtate!
The ſwain, who, free from buſineſs and debate,
Receives his eaſy food from Nature's hand,
And juſt returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants
T' admit the tides of early viſitants;
With eager eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing figures of Corinthian braſs.
No ſtatues threaten, from high pedeſtals;
No Perſian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic veſts; which thro' their ſhady fold,
Betray the ſtreaks of ill-diſſembled gold.
He boaſts no wood, whoſe native white is dy'd
With purple poiſon of Aſſyrian pride.
No coſtly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign ſcents, the ſweetneſs of his oil.
But eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys;

Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that thro' the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite;
And, after toilſome days, a ſoft repoſe at night.
Wild beaſts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plow the ground;
Inur'd to hardſhip, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Aſtrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear.
Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe beauty fir'd,
My ſoul is raviſh'd, and my brain inſpir'd;
Whoſe prieſt I am, whoſe holy fillets wear;
Wou'd you your poets firſt petition hear!
Give me the ways of wandring ſtars to know:
The depths of heav'n above, and earth below:
Teach me the various labours of the moon;
And whence proceeds th' eclipſes of the ſun:
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main;
And in what dark receſs they ſhrink again:
What ſhakes the ſolid earth; what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood reſtrain the flight
Of my free ſoul, aſpiring to the height
Of nature, and unclouded fields of light:
My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a chryſtal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

Some god conduct me to the ſacred ſhades,
Where Bacchanals are ſung by Spartan maids.
Or lift me high to Haemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to ſome ſolitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
Happy the man, who ſtudying Nature's laws,
Thro' known effects can trace the ſecret cauſe:
His mind poſſeſſing, in a quiet ſtate;
Fearleſs of fortune, and reſign'd to fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the bow'rs
Of ſylvans, and adores the rural pow'rs:
Whoſe mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can ſee;
Their glitt'ring baits, and purple ſlavery.
Nor hopes the people's praiſe, nor fears their frown;
Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will ſet up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults and deſcents, and diſtant war:
Nor with a ſuperſtitious fear is aw'd,
For what befals at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy ſtore;
Nor his own peace diſturbs, with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which of their own accord,
The willing ground, and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw:
The ſenate's mad decrees he never ſaw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the ſeas, and ſome to camps reſort;
And ſome with impudence invade the court:
In foreign countries others ſeek renown;
With wars and taxes others waſte their own,

And houſes burn, and houſhold gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glitt'ring gems inchaſe:
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron ſteds,
And lay their guilty limbs in Tyrian beds.
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd ſtore.
Some patriot fools to popular praiſe aſpire,
Or public ſpeeches, which worſe fools admire;
While from both benches, with redoubl'd ſounds,
Th' applauſe of lords and commoners abounds.
Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirſt of gold,
Have ſlain their brothers, or their country ſold;
And leaving their ſweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another ſun.
The peaſant, innocent of all theſe ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
From hence the country-markets are ſupply'd:
Enough remains for houſhold charge beſide,
His wife, and tender children to ſuſtain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb-deſerving train.
Nor ceaſe his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harveſt yield:
A crop ſo plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus ev'ry ſev'ral ſeaſon is employ'd:
Some ſpent in toil, and ſome in eaſe enjoy'd.
The yeaning ews prevent the ſpringing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear.
'Tis then the vine her liquid harveſt yields,
Bak'd in the ſun-ſhine of aſcending fields.

The winter comes, and then the falling maſt,
For greedy ſwine, provides a full repaſt.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatneſs boaſt,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the froſt.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliſs;
His little children climbing for a kiſs,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaſte delight.
His kine with ſwelling udders ready ſtand,
And, lowing for the pale, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmleſs battles in his homely yard:
Himſelf in ruſtic pomp, on holidays,
To rural pow'rs a juſt oblation pays;
And on the green his careleſs limbs diſplays.
The hearth is in the midſt; the herdſmen round
The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies;
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes.
Or ſtript for wreſtling, ſmears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' auſtere Etrurian virtue roſe,
And this rude life our homely fathers choſe.
Old Rome from ſuch a race deriv'd her birth,
(The ſeat of empire, and the conquer'd earth:)
Which now on ſev'n high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compaſs all the world contains.
E'er Saturn's rebel ſon uſurp'd the ſkies,
When beaſts were only ſlain for ſacrifice:

While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
E'er ſounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman ſword:
E'er hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old god his hunger did aſſwage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.
But over-labour'd with ſo long a courſe,
'Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoaking horſe.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS book begins with an invocation of ſome rural deities, and a compliment to Auguſtus; after which Virgil directs himſelf to Maecenas, and enters on his ſubject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horſes, oxen, ſheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves ſeveral pleaſant deſcriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book he relates the diſeaſes incident to cattle; and ends with the deſcription of a fatal murrain that formerly rag'd among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearſe;
And ſing thy paſtures in no vulgar verſe,
Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycaean woods;
Arcadia's flow'ry plains, and pleaſing floods.

All other themes, that careleſs minds invite,
Are worn with uſe; unworthy me to write.
Buſiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Euriſtheus, ev'ry reader ſees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring iſle,
And Pelops' iv'ry ſhoulder, and his toil
For fair Hippodame, with all the reſt
Of Grecian tales, by poets are expreſt:
New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, firſt of Romans, ſhall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
With foreign ſpoils adorn my native place;
And with Idume's palms, my Mantua grace.
Of Parian ſtone a temple will I raiſe,
Where the ſlow Mincius through the valley ſtrays:
Where cooling ſtreams invite the flocks to drink:
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midſt ſhall mighty Caeſar ſtand:
Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
Then I, conſpicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred courſers from the goal will drive;
The rival chariots in the race ſhall ſtrive.
All Greece ſhall flock from far, my games to ſee;
The whirlbat, and the rapid race, ſhall be
Reſerv'd for Caeſar, and ordain'd by me.
Myſelf, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear:
Ev'n now methinks the public ſhouts I hear:
The paſſing pageants, and the pomps appear.
I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
The ſacrifice and ſacrificers view;

From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres diſcloſe the ſcene;
Which interwoven Britains ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph which their ſhame diſplays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd ſhall Caeſar's Indian war behold;
The Nile ſhall flow beneath; and on the ſide,
His ſhatter'd ſhips on brazen pillars ride.
Next him Niphates with inverted urn,
And dropping ſedge, ſhall his Armenia mourn;
And Aſian cities in our triumph born.
With backward bows the Parthians ſhall be there;
And, ſpurring from the fight, confeſs their fear.
A double wreath ſhall crown our Caeſar's brows;
Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame ſhall join;
But neither ſhore his conqueſt ſhall confine.
The Parian marble, there, ſhall ſeem to move,
In breathing ſtatues, not unworthy Jove.
Reſembling heroes, whoſe etherial root
Is Jove himſelf, and Caeſar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the ſculptor ſhall employ;
And he, the god who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herſelf at laſt, grown pale and dumb,
(By Caeſar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hand; and fear the curling ſnakes
Of laſhing furies, and the burning lakes:
The pains of famiſh'd Tantalus ſhall feel;
And Siſyphus that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curs'd Ixion's wheel.

Meantime we muſt purſue the ſylvan lands;
(Th' abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands:
For ſuch, Maecenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I ſing:
Come then, and with thyſelf thy genius bring;
With which inſpir'd, I brook no dull delay.
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open and purſue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horſes breed:
From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound;
For echo hunts along, and propagates the ſound.
A time will come, when my maturer Muſe,
In Caeſar's wars, a nobler theme ſhall chuſe,
And through more ages bear my ſovereign's praiſe,
Than have from Tithon paſt to Caeſar's days.
The gen'rous youth, who ſtudious of the prize,
The race of running courſers multiplies;
Or to the plough the ſturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother-cow muſt wear a low'ring look,
Sour-headed, ſtrongly-neck'd, to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin deſcends:
And at her thighs the pond'rous burthen ends.
Long are her ſides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour ſhining black, but fleck'd with white:
She toſſes from the yoke; provokes the fight:
She riſes in her gate, is free from fears;
And in her face a bull's reſemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a ſtar is crown'd;
And with her length of tail ſhe ſweeps the ground.

The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lusty sire:
Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail,
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure, lest the breed shou'd fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive;
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labours come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend 'em with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for still they fall away:
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like diligence requires the courser's race;
In early choice; and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shows his generous kind,
Of able body, sound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and streight;
His motions easy; prancing in his gait.
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood; [wood.
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd;
Sharp headed, barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.
Brawny his chest, and deep, his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courſer, when he hears from far,
The ſprightly trumpets, and the ſhouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right ſhoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at ſpeed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His chine is double: Starting, with a bound
He turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
Such was the ſteed, in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd:
Such courſers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And ſuch, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In ſuch a ſhape, grim Saturn did reſtrain
His heav'nly limbs, and flow'd with ſuch a mane;
When, half-ſurpriz'd, and fearing to be ſeen,
The leacher gallop'd from his jealous queen:
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain;
And with ſhrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring plain.
But worn with years, when dire diſeaſes come,
Then hide his not ignoble age, at home;
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful ſpirits move,
He languiſhes and labours in his love.
And when the ſprightly ſeed ſhou'd ſwiftly come,
Dribling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns, like haſty ſtubble fires;
And in himſelf his former ſelf requires.

His age and courage weigh: Nor thoſe alone,
But not his father's virtues nor his own;
Obſerve if he diſdains to yield the prize;
Of loſs impatient, proud of victories.
Haſt thou beheld, when from the goal they ſtart,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart,
Ruſh to the race; and panting, ſcarcely bear
Th' extremes of feveriſh hope, and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and laſh with all their force:
The flying chariot kindles in the courſe:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As born through air, and ſeem to touch the ſky.
No ſtop, no ſtay, but clouds of ſand ariſe,
Spurn'd, and caſt back upon the follower's eyes.
The hindmoſt blows the foam upon the firſt.
Such is the love of praiſe, an honourable thirſt!
Bold Erichthonius was the firſt who join'd
Four horſes for the rapid race deſign'd;
And o'er the duſty wheels preſiding ſate:
The Lapithae to chariots add the ſtate
Of bits and bridles; taught the ſteed to bound;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round:
To ſtop, to fly; the rules of war to know:
T' obey the rider; and to dare the foe.
To chuſe a youthful ſteed, with courage fir'd;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd maſters; and, in ſundry ways,
Their labours equal, and alike their praiſe.
But once again the batter'd horſe beware,
The weak old ſtallion will deceive thy care.

Though famous in his youth for force and ſpeed,
Or was of Argos, or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himſelf proceed.
These things premis'd; when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the ſtately ſteed to climb;
With food enable him to make his court;
Diſtend his chine, and pamper him for ſport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou can'ſt find,
Of generous warmth, and of ſalacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirſt again, with bran.
Inſtructed thus, produce him to the fair;
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For if the ſire be faint, and out of caſe,
He will be copied in his famiſh'd race:
And ſink beneath the pleaſing taſk aſſign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with induſtrious care
Take down their mettle, keep 'em lean and bare;
When conſcious of their paſt delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the ſport again;
With ſcanty meaſure then ſupply their food;
And, when a-thirſt, reſtrain 'em from the flood:
Their bodies harraſs, ſink 'em when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the ſun.
Starve 'em, when barns beneath their burden groan,
And winnow'd chaff, by weſtern winds is blown.
For fear the rankneſs of the ſwelling womb
Shou'd ſcant the paſſage, and confine the room.
Leſt the fat furrows ſhou'd the ſenſe deſtroy
Of genial luſt, and dull the ſeat of joy.

But let 'em ſuck the ſeed with greedy force;
And cloſe involve the vigour of the horſe.
The male has done; thy care muſt now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
Firſt let 'em run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let 'em not leap the ditch, or ſwim the flood;
Or lumber o'er the meads, or croſs the wood;
But range the foreſt by the ſilver ſide
Of ſome cool ſtream, where nature ſhall provide
Green graſs and fat'ning clover for their fare;
And moſſy caverns for their noontide lare;
With rocks above to ſhade the ſharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen;
This flying plague (to mark its quality;)
Oeſtros the Grecians call; Aſylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their ſtings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood.
Seiz'd with unuſual pains, they loudly cry,
Tanagrus haſtens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curſe the jealous Juno did invent;
And firſt employ'd for Io's puniſhment.
To ſhun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In ſummer's ſultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, e'er the ſun ariſe;
Or late at night, when ſtars adorn the ſkies.
When ſhe has calv'd, then ſet the dam aſide;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Diſtinguiſh all betimes with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the ſire.

Whom to reſerve for huſband of the herd;
Or who ſhall be to ſacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou ſhalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To ſmooth the furrows and ſuſtain the plough:
The reſt, for whom no lote is yet decreed,
May run in paſtures, and at pleaſure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.
Set him betimes to ſchool; and let him be
Inſtructed there in rules of huſbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green;
Nor bad examples of the world has ſeen.
Early begin the ſtubborn child to break;
For his ſoft neck, a ſupple colar make
Of bending oſiers; and (with time and care
Enur'd that eaſy ſervitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth purſue:
Join'd with his ſchool-fellows, by two and two,
Perſuade 'em firſt to lead an empty wheel,
That ſcarce the duſt can raiſe, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labb'ring yoke
And ſhining ſhares, that make the furrows ſmoke.
E'er the licentious youth be thus reſtrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marſhy weed;
But with thy ſickle reap the rankeſt land,
And miniſter the blade, with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parſimony won
To follow what our homely ſires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beeſtings of the cow;
But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike ſteed thy ſtudies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Piſa's flood the rapid wheels to guide;
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride;
The gen'rous labours of the courſer, firſt,
Muſt be with ſight of arms, and ſound of trumpets nurſt:
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear:
And let him claſhing whips in ſtables hear.
Sooth him with praiſe, and make him underſtand
The loud applauſes of his maſter's hand.
This from his weaning, let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a ſoft ſnaffle wrought:
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit.
But when to four full ſprings his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in meaſure, and curvet.
Let him to this with eaſy pains be brought:
And ſeem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for ſpeed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He ſcours along the field with looſen'd reigns;
And treads ſo light, he ſcarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when ruſhing forth,
He ſweeps the ſkies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harveſt bends beneath his blaſt;
The foreſt ſhakes, the groves their honour caſt:
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Purſues the foaming ſurges to the ſhore.
Thus, o'er th' Elean plains th' well-breath'd horſe
Impels the flying carr, and wins the courſe:

Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt ſides ſupply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his ſtout ſtomach with his food will grow:
The pamper'd colt will diſcipline diſdain,
Impatient of the laſh, and reſtiff to the rein.
Wou'dſt thou their courage and their ſtrength improve,
Too ſoon they muſt not feel the ſtings of love.
Whether the bull or courſer be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, nor mount the mare.
The youthful bull muſt wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the ſtall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his miſtreſs burns his breaſt;
He looks, and languiſhes, and leaves his reſt;
Forſakes his food, and pining for the laſs,
Is joyleſs of the grove, and ſpurns the growing graſs.
The ſoft ſeducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the woods is bred;
The ſtooping warriors aiming head to head,
Engage their claſhing horns; with dreadful ſound
The foreſt rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they puſh, and puſhing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their ſides are bath'd in gore.
Nor, when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquiſh'd bull his claim releaſe:
But feeding in his breaſt his antient fires,
And curſing fate, from his proud foe retires.

Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a gen'rous rage reſents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boaſt,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he loſt.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleaſing kingdoms once his own.
And therefore, to repair his ſtrength he tries;
Hard'ning his limbs with painful exerciſe,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on ſharp herbs he feeds;
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet ſore, he tries againſt a tree;
And meditates his abſent enemy.
He ſnuffs the wind, his heels the ſand excite;
But, when he ſtands collected in his might,
He roars, and promiſes a more ſucceſsful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careleſs foe.
Not with more madneſs, rolling from afar,
The ſpumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war;
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and inſult the rocky ſhore:
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no leſs than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and, belching from below,
Black ſands, as from a forceful engine, throw.
Thus ev'ry creature, and of ev'ry kind,
The ſecret joys of ſweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or ſwim the ſea,
Or haunt the deſart, ruſh into the flame:
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.

'Tis with this rage, the mother-lion ſtung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardleſs of her young:
Demanding rites of love; ſhe ſternly ſtalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the ſhapeleſs bear his den forſakes;
In woods and fields a wild deſtruction makes.
Boars whet their tuſks; to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that in the deſart land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning ſand.
The ſtallion ſnuffs the well-known ſcent afar;
And ſnorts and trembles for the diſtant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage reſtrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents, and unforded ſtreams.
The briſtled boar, who feels the pleaſing wound,
New-grinds his arming tuſks, and digs the ground.
The ſleepy leacher ſhuts his little eyes;
About his churning chops the frothy bubbles riſe:
He rubs his ſides againſt a tree; prepares
And hardens both his ſhoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took;
About him, and above, the billows broke:
The ſluices of the ſky were open ſpread;
And rolling thunder rattl'd o'er his head.
The raging tempeſts call'd him back in vain;
And ev'ry boding omen of the main.
Nor cou'd his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal courſe.

No, not the dying maid, who muſt deplore
His floating carcaſs on the Seſtian ſhore.
I paſs the wars that ſpotted lynxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females ſake:
The howling wolves, the maſtiffs amorous rage;
When ev'n the fearful ſtag dares for his hind engage.
But far above the reſt, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with deſpair.
For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harneſs, and ſhe rends the rein;
For this (when Venus gave them rage and pow'r)
Their maſters mangl'd members they devour;
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force through thickets of the wood;
They climb the ſteepy hills, and ſtem the flood.
When at the ſpring's approach their marrow burns,
(For with the ſpring their genial warmth returns)
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide noſtrils ſnuff the weſtern air:
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the ſtallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hill's unequal height;
Nor to the north, nor to the riſing ſun,
Nor ſouthward to the rainy regions run;
But, boring to the weſt, and hov'ring there,
With gaping mouths they draw prolific air:
With which impregnate, from their groins they ſhed
A ſlimy juice, by falſe conception bred.
The ſhepherd knows it well, and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and ſpell'd with words of pow'r,

Dire ſtepdames in the magic bowl infuſe,
And mix, for deadly draughts, the pois'nous juice.
But time is loſt, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleaſing path purſue;
Surveying Nature with too nice a view.
Let this ſuffice for herds: Our following care
Shall woolly flocks and ſhaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I muſt beſtow,
To raiſe my ſubject from a ground ſo low:
And the mean matter which my theme affords,
T' embelliſh with magnificence of words.
But the commanding Muſe my chariot guides;
Which o'er the dubious cliff ſecurely rides:
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take;
But firſt the way to new diſcov'ries make.
Now, ſacred Pales, in a lofty ſtrain,
I ſing the rural honours of thy reign.
Firſt with aſſiduous care from winter keep,
Well fodder'd in the ſtalls, thy tender ſheep.
Then ſpread with ſtraw the bedding of thy fold,
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold;
That free from gouts thou may'ſt preſerve thy care:
And clear from ſcabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiouſly be nurs'd,
And led to living ſtreams to quench their thirſt.
Feed 'em with winter-browze, and for their lare
A cote that opens to the ſouth prepare;
Where, baſking in the ſun-ſhine they may lie,
And the ſhort remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's driſly reign be done:
Till the new Ram receives th' exalted ſun:

For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly ſheep, and aſk an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly ſold; but not for needful uſe:
For the ſalacious goat increaſes more,
And twice as largely yields her milky ſtore.
The ſtill diſtended udders never fail;
But, when they ſeem exhauſted, ſwell the pail.
Mean time the paſtor ſhears their hoary beards,
And eaſes of their hair the loaden herds.
Their camelots warm in tents the ſoldier hold;
And ſhield the ſhiv'ring mariner from cold.
On ſhrubs they browze, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleeting kids they come
At night, unaſk'd, and mindful of their home;
And ſcarce their ſwelling bags the threſhold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence beſtow,
In depth of winter, to defend the ſnow:
By how much leſs the tender helpleſs kind,
For their own ills can fit proviſion find.
Then miniſter the browze with bounteous hand,
And open let thy ſtacks all winter ſtand.
But when the weſtern winds, with vital pow'r,
Call forth the tender graſs and budding flow'r,
Then, at the laſt, produce in open air
Both flocks, and ſend 'em to their ſummer fare.
Before the ſun, while Heſperus appears,
Firſt let 'em ſip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their faſt
On green-ſword ground; (a cool and grateful taſte:)

But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the ſun's ſultry heat their thirſt renews;
When creaking graſhoppers on ſhrubs complain,
Then lead 'em to their wat'ring troughs again.
In ſummer's heat, ſome bending valley find,
Clos'd from the ſun, but open to the wind:
Or ſeek ſome antient oak, whoſe arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend:
Or ſolitary grove, or gloomy glade;
To ſhield 'em with its venerable ſhade.
Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again,
When the low ſun is ſinking to the main:
When riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver dews;
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful ſound,
And hollow ſhores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why ſhou'd my Muſe enlarge on Lybian ſwains;
Their ſcatter'd cottages, and ample plains;
Where oft the flocks, without a leader, ſtray;
Or through continu'd deſarts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of night to day?
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hoſpitable harbour know.
Such an extent of plains, ſo vaſt a ſpace
Of wilds unknown, and of untaſted graſs,
Allures their eyes: The ſhepherd laſt appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His houſe and houſhold-gods; his trade of war,
His bow and quiver, and his truſty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long laborious marches overcome;

Chearly their tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their ſudden camp before the foe.
Not ſo the Scythian ſhepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian ſtrand;
Or where proud Iſter rolls his yellow ſand.
Early they ſtall their flocks and herds; for there
No graſs the fields, no leaves the foreſts wear.
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap, ſev'n cubits deep in ſnow:
And all the weſt allies of ſtormy Boreas blow.
The ſun from far peeps with a ſickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the ſkies he ſhoots his roſy head;
Or in the ruddy ocean ſeeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with ſudden ice conſtrain'd;
And ſtudded wheels are on its back ſuſtain'd.
An hoſtry now for waggons, which before
Tall ſhips of burden on its boſom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the froſt are flaw'd;
The garment, ſtiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd.
With axes firſt they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight the ſolid portions they diſpenſe.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard
Long icicles depend, and crackling ſounds are heard,
Meantime, perpetual ſleet and driving ſnow
Obſcure the ſkies, and hang on herds below.
The ſtarving cattle periſh in their ſtalls;
Huge oxen ſtand enclos'd in wint'ry walls
Of ſnow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty ſtags, and ſcarce their horns appear.

The dext'trous huntſman wounds not theſe afar
With ſhafts, or darts, or makes a diſtant war
With dogs; or pitches toils to ſtop their flight;
But cloſe engages in unequal fight.
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their way
Through hills of ſnow, and pitiſully bray,
Aſſaults with dint of ſword or pointed ſpears,
And homeward on his back the joyful burden bears.
The men to ſubterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and croud the chearful fire;
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load;
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They paſs, to drive their tedious hours away.
And their cold ſtomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Riphaean race, and ſuch
The ſavage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where ſkins of beaſts the rude barbarians wear;
The ſpoils of foxes and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where buſhes are, where burs and thiſtles grow;
Nor in too rank a paſture let 'em feed:
Then of the pureſt white ſelect thy breed.
Ev'n though a ſnowy ram thou ſhalt behold,
Prefer him not in haſte for huſband to thy fold;
But ſearch his mouth; and if a ſwarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, leſt he darken all the flock,
And ſubſtitute another from thy ſtock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white, (if we
May truſt report,) Pan, god of Arcady,

Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didſt thou diſdain,
When call'd in woody ſhades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy deſign; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-graſs; and from the marſhy land
Salt herbage for the fodd'ring rack provide,
To fill their bags, and ſwell the milky tide:
Theſe raiſe their thirſt, and to the taſte reſtore
The ſavour of the ſalt on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their ſoft mouths reſtrain,
Their morning milk the peaſants preſs at night;
Their evening meal before the riſing light
To market bear; or ſparingly they ſteep
With ſeas'ning ſalt, and ſtor'd, for winter keep.
Nor, laſt, forget thy faithful dogs: But feed
With fatt'ning whey the maſtiff's gen'rous breed,
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will proſecute with cries the nightly thief;
Repulſe the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, ruſhing to the prey.
With cries of hounds thou may'ſt purſue the fear
Of flying hares, and chace the fallow deer;
Rouze from their deſart dens the briſtled rage
Of boars, and beamy ſtags in toils engage.
With ſmoak of burning cedar ſcent thy walls;
And fume with ſtinking galbanum thy ſtalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race:
For often under ſtalls unmov'd they lie
Obſcure in ſhades, and ſhuning heav'n's broad eye.
And ſnakes, familiar, to the hearth ſucceed,
Diſcloſe their eggs, and near the chimney breed.

Whether to roofy houſes they repair,
Or ſun themſelves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of peſtilential kind,
To ſheep and oxen, and the painful hind:
Take, ſhepherd, take, a plant of ſtubborn oak,
And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroke;
Or with hard ſtones, demoliſh from afar
His haughty creſt, the ſeat of all the war:
Invade his hiſſing throat, and winding ſpires;
Till ſtretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail; and for his head provides:
And in ſome ſecret cranny ſlowly glides;
But leaves, expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd ſides.

In fair Calabria's woods a ſnake is bred,
With curling creſt, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his back:
While ſprings are broken, while the ſouthern air,
And dropping heav'ns, the moiſten'd earth repair,
He lives on ſtanding lakes, and trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fiſh, or with loquacious frogs.
But when, in muddy pools, the water ſinks;
And the chap'd earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
And hiſſing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide deſtruction threats.
Oh let not ſleep my cloſing eyes invade,
In open plains, or in the ſecret ſhade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckl'd pride
Of pompous youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide:

And in his ſummer liv'ry rolls along:
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky tongue,
Leaving his neſt, and his imperfect young;
And, thoughtleſs of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poiſon for the foll'wing year.
The cauſes and the ſigns ſhall next be told,
Of ev'ry ſickneſs that infects the fold.
A ſcabby tetter on their pelts will ſtick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or ſearching froſts have eaten thro' the ſkin,
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the fleece is ſhorn, if ſweat remains
Unwaſh'd, and ſoaks into their empty veins:
When their defenceleſs limbs the brambles tear,
Short of their wool, and naked from the ſheer.
Good ſhepherds after ſheering drench their ſheep;
And their flock's father (fore'd from high to leap)
Swims down the ſtream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living ſulphurs boil,
They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs
With ſcum that on the molten ſilver ſwims.
Fat pitch and black bitumen add to theſe,
Beſides, the waxen labour of the bees:
And hellebore, and ſquills deep-rooted in the ſeas.
Receipts abound; but, ſearching all thy ſtore,
The beſt is ſtill at hand, to lance the ſore,
And cut the head; for till the core be found,
The ſecret vice is fed, and gathers ground:
While making fruitleſs moan, the ſhepherd ſtands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help with idle pray'rs from heav'n demands.

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their ſeat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian ſhepherds found:
Th' inhabitant's of Thracia's hilly ground,
And Gelons uſe it; when for drink and food
They mix their cruddl'd milk with horſes blood.
But, where thou ſeeſt a ſingle ſheep remain
In ſhades aloof, or couch'd upon the plain;
Or liſtleſly to crop the tender graſs;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the crime; and take the traitor's head,
E'er in the faultleſs flock the dire contagion ſpread.
On winter ſeas we fewer ſtorms behold,
Than foul diſeaſes that infect the fold.
Nor do thoſe ills on ſingle bodies prey;
But oftner bring the nation to decay;
And ſweep the preſent ſtock, and future hope away.
A dire example of this truth appears:
When, after ſuch a length of rolling years,
We ſee the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of ſcatter'd cotes, and yet unpeopl'd plains; [reigns.
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the ſhepherds happy
Here from the vicious air, and ſickly ſkies,
A plague did on the dumb creation riſe:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle, and the beaſts of nature ſlew,
Pois'ning the ſtanding lakes, and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful graſs in fields ſecure.
Strange death! for when the thirſty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were ſhrunk;

When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
A wat'rish humour ſwell'd and ooz'd again:
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better uſe.
The victim ox, that was for altars preſt,
Trimm'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dreſt,
Sunk of himſelf, without the god's command:
Preventing the ſlow ſacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher, if he fell,
Th' inſpected entrails cou'd no fates foretel.
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames ariſe;
But clouds of ſmould'ring ſmoke forbade the ſacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poiſon ſtain'd the ſandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forſake,
And render their ſweet ſouls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad; the wheaſing ſwine
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horſe, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and on his hanging ears
A doubtful ſweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the ſymptoms of the young diſeaſe;
But in time's proceſs, when his pains increaſe,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient ſobbing, and with manly moans:
He heaves for breath; which, from his lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his lab'ring ſide.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue ſucceeds;
And ropy gore he from his noſtrils bleeds.

A drench of wine has with ſucceſs been us'd;
And through a horn, the gen'rous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his cloſing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cauſe:
For the too vig'rous doze, too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the ſtrength it brought:
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own fleſh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men diſpoſe;
And turn that impious error on our foes!
The ſteer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a flood
Of foamy madneſs, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who curſing providence repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins:
With many a groan, forſakes his fruitleſs care;
And in th' unfiniſh'd furrow leaves the ſhare.
The pining ſteer, no ſhades of lofty woods,
Nor flow'ry meads can eaſe, nor cryſtal floods
Roll'd from the rock; his flabby flanks decreaſe;
His eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid peace;
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck, hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deſerving toil
To turn the glebe, or ſmooth the rugged ſoil!
And yet he never ſupp'd in ſolemn ſtate,
Nor undigeſted feaſts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriouſly did join;
Nor ſurfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his bev'rage; homely was his food;
The wholeſome herbage, and the running flood:

No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day ſecur'd his reſt by night.
'Twas then that buffaloes, ill-pair'd, were ſeen,
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the lab'ring ſwain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain;
And cover'd, with his hand, the ſhallow ſeed again.
He yokes himſelf, and up the hilly height,
With his own ſhoulders, draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf, that round th' encloſure prowl'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold;
Tam'd with a ſharper pain. The fearful doe
And flying ſtag, amidſt the greyhounds go:
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The ſcaly nations of the ſea profound,
Like ſhipwreck'd carcaſes are driv'n aground:
And mighty phocae, never ſeen before,
In ſhallow ſtreams are ſtranded on the ſhore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceleſs was the ſhelter of the ground.
The water-ſnake, whom fiſh and paddocks fed,
With ſtaring ſcales lies poiſon'd in his bed:
To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their ſouls above.
Beſides, to change their paſture 'tis in vain;
Or truſt to phyſic; phyſic is their bane.
The learned leaches in deſpair depart:
And ſhake their heads, deſponding of their art.
Tiſiphone, let looſe from under ground,
Majeſtically pale, now trades the round;

Before her drives diſeaſes, and affright;
And ev'ry moment riſes to the ſight:
Aſpiring to the ſkies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats reſound.
At length, ſhe ſtrikes an univerſal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horſes fall; and, heap'd on high,
The diff'ring ſpecies in confuſion lie.
'Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
To lodge their loathſome carrion under-ground.
For, uſeleſs to the currier were their hides:
Nor could their tainted fleſh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth; nor could Vulcanian flame
The ſtench aboliſh, or the ſavour tame.
Nor ſafely could they ſhear their fleecy ſtore;
(Made drunk with pois'nous juice, and ſtiff with gore:)
Or touch the web: But if the veſt they wear,
Red bliſters riſing on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles, and noiſome ſweat,
And clammy dews, that loathſome lice beget:
'Till the ſlow creeping evil eats his way,
Conſumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

VIRGIL's GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

VIRGIL has taken care to raiſe the ſubject of each Georgic. In the firſt, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the ſecond, he juſt ſteps on the world of life, and deſcribes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to animals. And, in the laſt, ſingles out the bee, which may be reckoned the moſt ſagacious of them, for his ſubject.

In this Georgic he ſhews us what ſtation is moſt proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey; how to call them home when they ſwarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occaſion to diſcover their different kinds; and, after an excurſion, relates their prudent and politic adminiſtration of affairs, and the ſeveral diſeaſes that often rage in the hives, with the proper ſymptoms and remedies of each diſeaſe. In the laſt place, he lays down a method of repairing their kind, ſuppoſing their whole breed loſt; and gives at large the hiſtory of its invention.

THE gifts of heav'n my following ſong purſues,
Aerial honey, and ambroſial dews.
Maecenas, read this other part, that ſings
Embattel'd ſquadrons and advent'rous kings;
A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners I diſcloſe,
And how they war, and whence the people roſe.
Slight is the ſubject, but the praiſe not ſmall,
If heav'n aſſiſt, and Phoebus hear my call.
First, for thy bees, a quiet ſtation find,
And lodge 'em under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive.
Far from the cows and goats inſulting crew,
That trample down the flowers and bruſh the dew:
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away:
The titmouſe, and the pecker's hungry brood;
And Progne with her boſom ſtain'd in blood.
Theſe rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives thro' the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feaſt prepare.
But near a living ſtream their manſion place,
Edg'd round with moſs, and tufts of matted graſs:
And plant (the winds impetuous rage to ſtop,)
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the buſy ſhop:
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the vent'rous colony to ſwarm;
When firſt their way thro' yielding air they wing,
New to the pleaſures of their native ſpring;

The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw ſoldiers from the ſcalding heat:
And neighb'ring trees, with friendly ſhade invite
The troops unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running ſtream, or ſtanding lake,
A paſſage for thy weary people make;
With oſier floats the ſtanding water ſtrow;
Of maſſy ſtones make bridges, if it flow:
That baſking in the ſun thy bees may lie,
And, reſting there, their flaggy pinions dry:
When late returning home, the laden hoſt,
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coaſt.
Wild thyme and ſav'ry ſet around their cell,
Sweet to the taſte, and fragrant to the ſmell:
Set rows of roſemary with flow'ring ſtem,
And let the purple vi'lets drink the ſtream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twiſted oſiers, or with barks of trees;
Make but a narrow mouth: For as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold;
So 'tis again diſſolv'd by ſummer's heat,
And the ſweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' induſtrious kind
With dawby wax and flow'rs the chinks have lin'd;
And, with their ſtores of gather'd glue, contrive
To ſtop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idaean pitch produce
A more tenacious maſs of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own, beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaiſter thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay.
Nor place them where too deep a water flows;
Or where the yew, their pois'nous neighbour, grows:
Nor roaſt red crabs, t'offend the niceneſs of their noſe.
Nor near the ſteaming ſtench of muddy ground;
Nor hollow rocks that render back the ſound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.
For what remains, when golden ſuns appear,
And under earth have driv'n the winter year,
The winged nation wanders through the ſkies,
And o'er the plains and ſhady foreſt flies:
Then ſtooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They ſkim the floods, and ſip the purple flow'rs.
Exalted hence, and drunk with ſecret joy,
Their young ſucceſſion all their cares employ;
They breed, they brood, inſtruct and educate,
And make proviſion for the future ſtate:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to ſuſtain their lives.
But when thou ſee'ſt a ſwarming cloud ariſe,
That ſweeps aloft, and darkens all the ſkies,
The motions of their haſty flight attend;
And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they bend:
Then melfoil beat, and honey-ſuckles pound;
With theſe alluring ſavours ſtrew the ground;
And mix with tinkling braſs the cymbal's droning ſound.
Streight to their antient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deſerters will repair.
But if inteſtine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire ſtrive)

The vulgar in divided factions jar,
And murm'ring ſounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with diſdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty ſouls contain.
With ſhouts the coward's courage they excite;
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarſe alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry ſounds:
Then to their common ſtandard they repair;
The nimble horſemen ſcour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn they iſſue forth,
And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth.
Preſs'd for their country's honour, and their kings,
On their ſharp beaks they whet their pointed ſtings;
And exerciſe their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midſt the haughty monarchs ride,
The truſty guards come up, and cloſe the ſide;
With ſhouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus, in the ſeaſon of unclouded ſpring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Croud through their gates, and, in the fields of light,
The ſhocking ſquadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound;
And heaps of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailſtones lie not thicker on the plain;
Nor ſhaken oaks ſuch ſhowers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of ſov'reign ſway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midſt of dangers go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty ſouls in narrow bodies preſs'd,
They challenge and encounter breaſt to breaſt;

So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obſtinately bent to win, or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign.)
Yet all thoſe dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A caſt of ſcatter'd duſt will ſoon allay,
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are ſund'red from the fight,
Then to the lawful king reſtore his right:
And let the waſteful prodigal be ſlain,
That he who beſt deſerves alone may reign.
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd is the regal race;
One monarch wears an honeſt open face:
Shap'd to his ſize, and godlike to behold,
His royal body ſhines with ſpecks of gold,
And ruddy ſcales; for empire he deſign'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in diſgrace,
Gaunt are his ſides, and ſullen is his face:
And like their griſly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghaſtly, rugged, like a thirſty train
That long have travell'd through a deſart plain,
And ſpit from their dry chaps the gather'd duſt again.
The better brood, unlike the baſtard crew,
Are mark'd with royal ſtreaks of ſhining hue;
Glitt'ring and ardent, though in body leſs:
From theſe at pointed ſeaſons hope to preſs
Huge heavy honey-combs of golden juice,
Not only ſweet, but pure, and fit for uſe:
T' allay the ſtrength and hardneſs of the wine,
And with old Bacchus new metheglin join.

But when the ſwarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly ſtray;
Reſtrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The taſk is eaſy: But to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command the people ſwarm away.
Confine the tyrant, and the ſlaves will ſtay.
Sweet gardens, full of ſaffron flowers invite
The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight.
Beſides, the god obſcene, who frights away,
With his lath ſword, the thieves and birds of prey,
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees;
And with wild thyme and ſav'ry plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.
Now, did I not ſo near my labours end,
Strike ſail, and haſt'ning to the harbour tend;
My ſong to flow'ry gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts, to ſing
The Paeſtan roſes, and their double ſpring:
How ſucc'ry drinks the running ſtreams, and how
Green beds of parſley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the ſurface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narciſſus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with ſtately tow'rs Tarentum ſtands,
And deep Galeſus ſoaks the yellow ſands,

I chanc'd an old Corycian ſwain to know,
Lord of few acres, and thoſe barren too;
Unfit for ſheep or vines, and more unfit to ſow:
Yet lab'ring well his little ſpot of ground,
Some ſcatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholeſome poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely beard:
For late returning home he ſupp'd at eaſe,
And wiſely deem'd the wealth of monarchs leſs:
The little of his own, becauſe his own did pleaſe.
To quit his care he gather'd firſt of all
In ſpring the roſes, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter ſplit the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did reſtrain,
He ſtript the bears-foot of its leafy growth;
And calling weſtern winds, accus'd the ſpring of ſloth.
He therefore firſt among the ſwains was found,
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And ſqueeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were firſt in flow'rs, his lofty pines
With friendly ſhade ſecur'd his tender vines.
For ev'ry bloom his trees in ſpring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale reſtor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows;
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to diſpoſe:
And tame to plums the ſourneſs of the ſloes.
With ſpreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To ſhade good fellows from the ſummer's heat.

But, ſtraiten'd in my ſpace, I muſt forſake
This taſk, for others afterwards to take.
Deſcribe we next the nature of the bees,
Beſtow'd by Jove for ſecret ſervices:
When by the tinkling ſound of timbrels led,
The king of heav'n in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own:
And common ſons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common ſtock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a ſeveral ſtall:
All is the ſtate's, the ſtate provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they ſhare the pain:
And hoard, for winter's uſe, the ſummer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preſide;
And ſome are ſent new forage to provide:
Theſe drudge in fields abroad, and thoſe at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narciſſus' leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring ſome contrive;
Some nurſe the future nation of the hive:
Sweet honey ſome condenſe; ſome purge the grout;
The reſt, in cells apart, the liquid nectar ſhut.
All with united force combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunder haſten for their angry god:
Subdu'd in fire the ſtubborn metal lies;
One brawny ſmith the puffing bellows plies;

And draws and blows reciprocating air.
Others to quench the hiſſing maſs prepare:
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their ſounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike; huge flakes of flames expire:
With tongs they turn the ſteel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and ſuch their buſy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree;
The youthful ſwain, the grave experienc'd bee:
That in the field; this in affairs of ſtate,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, leſt the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and orchards all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme diſtend his thighs:
He ſpoils the ſaffron flow'rs, he ſips the blues
Of vi'lets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their ſleep;
They ſhake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Ruſh through the city-gates without delay;
Nor ends their work but with declining day.
Then having ſpent the leaſt remains of light,
They give their bodies due repoſe at night:
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells,
Diſmiſs the ſleepy ſwains, and toll 'em to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they ſteep,
No buzzing ſounds diſturb their golden ſleep.

'Tis ſacred ſilence all. Nor dare they ſtray,
When rain is promis'd, or a ſtormy day:
But near the city-walls their wat'ring take;
Nor forage far, but ſhort excurſions make.
And as, when empty barks on billows float,
With ſandy ballaſt ſailors trim their boat;
So bees bear gravel ſtones, whoſe poiſing weight
Steers through the whiſtling winds their ſteddy flight.
But what's more ſtrange, their modeſt appetites,
Averſe from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
No luſt enervates their heroic mind,
Nor waſtes their ſtrength on wanton womankind.
But in their mouths reſide their genial pow'rs;
They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal ſeat;
And thus their little citizens create:
And waxen cities build, and palaces of ſtate.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And ſink beneath the burthens which they bear.
Such rage of honey in their boſom beats,
And ſuch a zeal they have for flow'ry ſweets.
Thus, tho' the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the ſpace of ſeven ſhort years is done,
Th' immortal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
The fortune of the family remains:
And grandſires grandſons the long liſt contains.
Beſides, not Egypt, India, Media more
With ſervile awe their idol king adore:
While he ſurvives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no diviſions rent;
But the great monarch's death diſſolves the govern-
[ment.

All goes to ruin, they themſelves contrive
To rob the honey, and ſubvert the hive.
The king preſides, his ſubjects toil ſurveys;
The ſervile rout their careful Caeſar praiſe;
Him they extol, they worſhip him alone,
They croud his levees, and ſupport his throne:
They raiſe him on their ſhoulders with a ſhout:
And when their ſov'reign's quarrels call 'em out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.
Induc'd by ſuch examples, ſome have taught
That bees have portions of etherial thought:
Endu'd with particles of heav'nly fires:
For God the whole created maſs inſpires;
Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depth he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beaſts, and fowls,
With breath are quicken'd; and attract their ſouls:
Hence take the forms his preſcience did ordain,
And into him at length reſolve again.
No room is left for death; they mount the ſky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now, when thou haſt decreed to ſeize their ſtores,
And by prerogative to break their doors:
With ſprinkl'd water firſt the city choak,
And then purſue the citizens with ſmoak.
Two honey-harveſts fall in ev'ry year:
Firſt, when the pleaſing Pleiades appear,
And ſpringing upward ſpurn the briny ſeas:
Again, when their affrighted quire ſurveys

The watry Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of ſtorms, and winter wind;
They plunge into the deep, and ſafe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, aſſault th' aggreſſor's face:
And through the purple vein a paſſage find;
There fix their ſtings, and leave their ſouls behind.
But if a pinching winter thou foreſee,
And wou'dſt preſerve thy famiſh'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to ſave the ſtate.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by ſtealth,
Within the ſuburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards ſhunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the ſeat.
Or lazy drones, without their ſhare of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
Or waſps inveſt the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms;
Or ſecret moths are there in ſilence fed;
Or ſpiders in the vault their ſnary webs have ſpread.
The more oppreſs'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increaſe thy care to ſave the ſinking kind:
With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
And ſeek freſh forage to ſuſtain their lives.
But ſince they ſhare with man one common fate,
In health and ſickneſs, and in turns of ſtate,
Obſerve the ſymptoms when they fall away,
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they ſtare,
Lean are their looks, and ſhagged is their hair:

And crowds of dead, that never muſt return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are born:
Their friends attend the herſe, the next relations mourn.
The ſick, for air, before the portal gaſp;
Their feeble legs within each other claſp:
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, and liſtleſs of their gain.
Soft whiſpers then, and broken ſounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are ſtirr'd.
Such ſtifled noiſe as the cloſe furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou ſeeſt, Galbanean odours uſe,
And honey in the ſickly hive infuſe.
Thro' reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food.
Mix it with thicken'd juice of ſodden wines,
And raiſins from the grapes of Pſythian vines:
To theſe add pounded galls, and roſes dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, ſtrong ſcented centaury.
A flow'r there is, that grows on meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and eaſy to be found;
For from one root the riſing ſtem beſtows
A wood of leaves, and vi'let-purple boughs:
The flower itſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taſte, by ſhepherds near the ſtream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this reſtoring root in gen'rous wine,
And ſet beſide the door, the ſickly ſtock to dine.
But if the lab'ring kind be wholly loſt,
And not to be retriev'd with care or coſt;

'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian maſter did of old impart:
And how he ſtock'd his empty hives again,
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen ſlain.
An ancient legend I prepare to ſing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal ſpring.
For where with ſev'n-fold horns myſterious Nile
Surrounds the ſkirts of Egypt's fruitful iſle,
And where in pomp the ſun-burnt people ride
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the ſoil with ſlime, and black prolific ſands:
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a ſure relief have found.
Firſt, in a place, by nature cloſe, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that ſtrike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A ſteer of two years old they take, whoſe head
Now firſt with burniſh'd horns begins to ſpread:
They ſtop his noſtrils, while he ſtrives in vain
To breathe free air, and ſtruggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: His bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken ſkin.
Extended thus, in this obſcene abode,
They leave the beaſt; but firſt ſweet flow'rs are ſtrow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleaſing caſia, juſt renew'd in prime.
This muſt be done, ere ſpring makes equal day,
When weſtern winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
Or ſwallows twitter on their chimney tops.

The tainted blood, in this cloſe priſon pent,
Begins to boil and thro' the bones ferment.
Then, wond'rous to behold, new creatures riſe,
A moving maſs at firſt, and ſhort of thighs;
'Till ſhooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed ſtings:
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly;
At length, like ſummer-ſtorms from ſpreading clouds,
That burſt at once, and pour impetuous floods;
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattel'd foes;
With ſuch a tempeſt thro' the ſkies they ſteer;
And ſuch a form the winged ſquadrons bear.
What god, O Muſe! this uſeful ſcience taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Ariſtaeus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine, or diſeaſes dead:
On Peneus' banks he ſtood, and near his holy head.
And while his falling tears the ſtream ſupply'd,
Thus mourning, to his mother goddeſs cry'd.
Mother Cyrene, mother, whoſe abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood;
What boots it, that from Phoebus' loins I ſpring,
The third by him and thee from heav'n's high king?
O! where is all thy boaſted pity gone,
And promiſe of the ſkies to thy deluded ſon?
Why didſt thou me, unhappy me, create,
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate?
Whom, ſcarce my ſheep, and ſcarce my painful plough,
The needful aids of human life allow;
So wretched is thy ſon, ſo hard a mother thou.

Proceed, inhuman parent in thy ſcorn;
Root up my trees, with blights deſtroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my ſheepfolds burn.
Let looſe thy rage, let all thy ſpite be ſhown,
Since thus thy hate purſues the praiſes of thy ſon.
But from her moſſy bow'r below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive ſound;
Encompaſs'd with her ſea-green ſiſters round.
One common work they ply'd: Their diſtaffs full
With carded locks of blue Mileſian wool.
Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
And ſweet Phyllodoce with long diſhevel'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
Opis the meek, and Diopeia proud;
Niſaea ſoftly, with Ligaea loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyre the ſad,
And Arethuſa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To theſe, Clymene the ſweet theft declares,
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares;
And all the rapes of gods, and ev'ry love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while ſhe ſings, the ſiſters turn the wheel,
Empty the wooly rock, and fill the reel.
A mournful ſound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful ſound invades the ſiſters ears.
Starting at once from their green ſeats, they riſe;
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes.

But Arethuſa leaping from her bed,
Firſt lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene ſaid.
O ſiſter! not with cauſeleſs fear poſſeſt,
No ſtranger voice diſturbs thy tender breaſt,
'Tis Ariſtæus, 'tis thy darling ſon,
Who to his careleſs mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal ſtream he ſadly ſtands,
With downcaſt eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
Upbraiding heav'n from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.
Cyrene mov'd with love, and ſeiz'd with fear,
Cries out, conduct my ſon, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the ſecrets of our deep abodes.
At once ſhe wav'd her hand on either ſide,
At once the ranks of ſwelling ſtreams divide.
Two riſing heaps of liquid cryſtal ſtand,
And leave a ſpace betwixt of empty ſand.
Thus ſafe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's watry palace leads.
With wond'ring eyes he views the ſecret ſtore
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow caverns, roar.
He hears the crackling ſound of coral woods,
And ſees the ſecret ſource of ſubterranean floods:
And where, diſtinguiſh'd in their ſev'ral cells,
The fount of Phaſis, and of Lycus dwells;
Where ſwift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majeſtic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks through th' oppoſing rocks with raging ſound:

Where Po firſt iſſues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods:
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's reſemblance bears.
With rapid courſe he ſeeks the ſacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now at the court arriv'd, th' admiring ſon
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory ſtone;
Now to his mother-goddeſs tells his grief,
Which ſhe with pity hears, and promiſes relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With waters drawn from their perpetual ſpring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
Then load the tables with a lib'ral feaſt;
And honour with full bowls their friendly gueſt.
The ſacred altars are involv'd in ſmoke,
And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
Then thus, Let theſe be pour'd, with rites divine,
To the great authors of our wat'ry line.
To father Ocean, this; and this, ſhe ſaid,
Be to the nymphs his ſacred ſiſters paid,
Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the woodland ſhade.
She ſprinkl'd thrice with wine the veſtal fire;
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aſpire.
Rais'd with ſo bleſt an omen, ſhe begun,
With words like theſe, to chear her drooping ſon.
In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
The ſhepherd of the ſeas, a prophet and a god:
High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides;
His azure car and finny courſers guides:

Proteus his name: To his Pallenian port,
I ſee from far the weary god reſort.
Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With ſure foreſight, and with unerring doom,
He ſees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His ſcaly flocks that graze the wat'ry deep.
Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
The ſecret cauſe, and cure of all thy woes.
But firſt the wily wizard muſt be caught,
For unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry bought.
Surpriſe him firſt, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vaniſh into wind.
I will myſelf conduct thee on thy way,
When next the ſouthing ſun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirſts for dews in vain,
And ſheep, in ſhades, avoid the parching plain.
Then will I lead thee to his ſecret ſeat;
When, weary with his toil, and ſcorch'd with heat,
The wayward ſire frequents his cool retreat,
His eyes with heavy ſlumbers overcaſt;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him faſt.
Thus ſurely bound; yet be not over bold,
The ſlip'ry god will try to looſe his hold;
And various forms aſſume, to cheat thy ſight;
And with vain images of beaſts affright;
With foamy tuſks will ſeem a briſtly boar;
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames, to ſhun thy ſnares;
Or hiſs a dragon, or a tiger ſtares:

Or with a wile, thy caution to betray,
In fleeting ſtreams attempt to ſlide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To ſtrain his fetters with a ſtricter care:
'Till tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true ſhape, in which he firſt was ſeen.
This ſaid, with nectar ſhe her ſon anoints;
Infuſing vigour thro' his mortal joints:
Down from his head the breathing odours ran:
He breath'd of heav'n, and look'd above a man.
Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
A large receſs, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,
In form of war their wat'ry ranks divide;
And there, like centries ſet, without the mouth abide
A ſtation ſafe for ſhips, when tempeſts roar,
A ſilent harbour, and a cover'd ſhore.
Secure within reſides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with ſilent ſteps, ſecure from ſight,
The goddeſs guides her ſon, and turns him from the light;
Herſelf, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the ſultry dog-ſtar from the ſky
Scorch'd Indian ſwains, the ſhrivell'd graſs was dry;
The ſun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for ſhelter to his wonted caves:
His finny flocks about their ſhepherd play,
And rolling round him, ſpurt the bitter ſea.
Unwieldily they wallow firſt in ooze;
Then in the ſhady covert ſeek repoſe.

Himſelf their herdſman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muſter'd flocks a juſt account.
So, ſeated on the rock, a ſhepherd's groom
Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occaſion offers, and the youth complies:
For ſcarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When ruſhing on, with ſhouts, he binds in chains
The drowſy prophet, and his limbs conſtrains.
He, not unmindful of his uſual art,
Firſt in diſſembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beaſts, and running ſtreams he tries;
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But having ſhifted ev'ry form to 'ſcape,
Convinc'd of conqueſt, he reſum'd his ſhape:
And thus, at length, in human accent ſpoke.
Audacious youth, what madneſs cou'd provoke
A mortal man t' invade a ſleeping god?
What buſ'neſs brought thee to my dark abode?
To this, th' audacious youth: Thou know'ſt full well
My name, and buſ'neſs, god, nor need I tell:
No man can Proteus cheat; but Proteus leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following th' gods command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my periſh'd people to reſtore.
The ſeer, who could not yet his wrath aſſuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that ſparkl'd with his rage;
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god
Purſues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great miſdeeds have met a due reward;
And Orpheus' dying pray'rs at length are heard.

For crimes, not his, the lover loſt his life;
And at thy hand requires his murder'd wife:
Nor (if the fates aſſiſt not) canſt thou ſcape
The juſt revenge of that intended rape.
To ſhun thy lawleſs luſt, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's ſide:
Nor, at her heels perceiv'd the deadly ſnake,
That kept the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian ſhores rebound.
Th' unhappy huſband, huſband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loſs deplore,
And ſought his mournful mind with muſic to reſtore.
On thee, dear wife, in deſarts all alone,
He call'd, ſigh'd, ſung; his griefs with day begun;
Nor were they finiſh'd with the ſetting ſun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night,
He took his way, thro' foreſts void of light:
And dar'd amidſt the trembling ghoſts to ſing,
And ſtood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like paſſing ſhadows glide,
And, liſt'ning, crowd the ſweet muſician's ſide.
Not flocks of birds when driv'n by ſtorms, or night,
Stretch to the foreſt with ſo thick a flight.
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid;
* The mighty heroe's more majeſtic ſhade;
And youths on fun'ral piles before their parents laid.

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's Tranſlation.

All theſe Cocytus bounds with ſqualid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompaſſes around,
With nine ſlow circling ſtreams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the dam n'd advance;
Th' infernal manſions nodding ſeem to dance;
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to ſnarl;
The furies hearken, and their ſnakes uncurl:
Ixion ſeems no more his pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his ſtanding wheel.
All dangers paſt, at length the lovely bride,
In ſafety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to ſhare,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He firſt, and cloſe behind him follow'd ſhe;
For ſuch was Proſerpine's ſevere decree.
When ſtrong deſires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd,
A fault which eaſy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or cou'd hell forgive;
For near the confines of etherial light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a ſight,
Th' unwary lover caſt his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor maſter of his mind.
Streight all his hopes exhal'd in empty ſmoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flaſhes of blue light'ning gave the ſign
Of cov'nants broke; three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury ſeiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to loſe thyſelf and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel deſtinies,
An iron ſlumber ſhuts my ſwimming eyes.

And now farewel, involv'd in ſhades of night,
For ever I am raviſh'd from thy ſight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In ſweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!
She ſaid, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd, like ſubtile ſmoke diſſolv'd in air;
And left her hopeleſs lover in deſpair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth eſſay'd
To ſtop her flight, and ſtrain the flying ſhade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd with ſurpriſe;
But ſhe return'd no more to bleſs his longing eyes.
Nor wou'd th' infernal ferryman once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther ſhore.
What ſhould he do, who twice had loſt his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her ſoul already was conſign'd to fate,
And ſhiv'ring in the leaky ſculler ſat.
For ſev'n continu'd months, if Fame ſay true,
The wretched ſwain his ſorrows did renew:
By Strymon's freezing ſtreams he ſat alone;
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him ſing his wrongs;
Fierce tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So, cloſe in poplar ſhades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe neſt ſome prying churl had found, and thence,
By ſtealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But ſhe ſupplies the night with mournful ſtrains;
And melancholy muſic fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averſe from Venus and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where ſpring was never known:
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain reſtor'd;
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love diſdain'd, and marriage-rites refus'd:
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length againſt his ſacred life conſpir'd.
Whom even the ſavage beaſts had ſpar'd they kill'd,
And ſtrew'd his mangl'd limbs about the field.
Then, when his head, from his fair ſhoulders torn,
Waſh'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his laſt voice, Eurydice, he cry'd:
Eurydice the rocks and river-banks reply'd.
This anſwer Proteus gave; no more he ſaid,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely ſpread.
The nymph return'd, her drooping ſon to cheer,
And bade him baniſh his ſuperfluous fear:
For now, ſaid ſhe, the cauſe is known, from whence
Thy woe ſucceeded, and for what offence:
The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
This puniſhment upon thy crimes have laid;
And ſent a plague among thy thriving bees.
With vows and ſuppliant pray'rs their pow'rs appeaſe:
The ſoft Napaean race will ſoon repent
Their anger, and remit the puniſhment.

The ſecret in an eaſy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for ſacrifice,
Which on Lycaeus graze without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:
For theſe four altars in their temple rear;
And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r.
From the ſlain victims pour the ſtreaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the ſhady wood:
Nine mornings thence Lethean poppy bring,
T' appeaſe the manes of the poets king:
And, to propitiate his offended bride,
A fatted calf and a black ewe provide:
This finiſh'd, to the former woods repair.
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple viſits, and adores with pray'r.
Four altars raiſes, from his herd he culls,
For ſlaughter, four the faireſt of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female ſtore he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with ſacrifice and pray'rs,
The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated ſkin,
A buzzing noiſe of bees his ears alarms,
Straight iſſue through the ſides aſſembling ſwarms:
Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighb'ring tree deſcending light:
Like a large cluſter of black grapes they ſhow,
And make a large dependence from the bough.
Thus have I ſung of fields, of flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees;

While mighty Caeſar, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the ſpoils of war:
With conqu'ring arts aſſerts his country's cauſe;
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heav'n purſues.
While I at Naples paſs my peaceful days,
Affecting ſtudies of leſs noiſy praiſe;
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen ſhade,
The lays of ſhepherds, and their loves, have plaid.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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